Lisle's vote for the Bill. "Why, oh why, did you go and glorify the Reformation? You have compelled me to vote against my Government," said poor Mr. de Lisle, a very Niobe—"one arm out"—appealing to an obdurate Orange colonel. Who could resist such a plea? Alas, and alas! the Home Secretary. Resolutely closing his ears to cries of "Matthews," he had struck a bargain between his conscience and his colleagues, and, loving not the former less but the latter more, had discreetly abstained from the division.

MEISSONIER.

A SMALL writer has somewhere said that the true aim of life should be to merit a grand funeral. He is a Frenchman. So was Meissonier; and his gorgeous obsequies were probably designed to give the assurance of a life well spent. The artist was taken to his grave by infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and a Minister pronounced his funeral oration. His death was of a piece with his career, for he lived like a prince, almost from first to last. All of us know the superb quality of his art: he was a Frenchman with certain great masters of Holland for his spiritual ancestors, and his true date was two centuries ago. Much has happened in France since he began to paint, and art has wandered far away from his ideal of solid workmanship and figures set in the studio light. The search is for atmosphere, for impression, and for half a dozen other things which never entered into his estimate of perfections, complex as it was. The young men are trying for other things, simply because if they tried for the things he had in view they could never hope to succeed so well. It would be cheering to know that they were trying for a simpler life. The life that finds its fitting close in a grand funeral attained its utmost reach surely in Meissonier. He was ruined by his taste for upholstery. It is the weakness of most of the French artists, especially of those men who were the contemporaries of his maturity as well as of his old age. It is not a weakness of French men of letters. Hugo lived to the last in the simplest way. For years he was lodged in the Rue de Clichy, in an apartment that would not have been beyond the means of a retired grocer. For years after that, until he reached the closing hour, he had a modest little house near the Arc. Zola lives in much the same style. Daudet at his best lodged in the quarter of the Observatory among the professors who in all time have had to cut their coat according to their cloth.

But the artists! They have a mania for bricks and mortar—or, rather, for carved stone. The new quarter by the Avenue de Villiers has been almost created by the extravagance of their tastes. They think only of fine pictures as a means to the end of fine houses. If anything happens—and something always happens—they fall into the hands of the money-lenders; and then, long before the palace is ready, it is the painter's only in name. It belongs to M. Melchisedec round the corner; and every picture yet to be for the next ten years is his by virtue of the same imperious necessity. Big work is not to be done, much less conceived, under this compulsion of bills maturing next month. The poor bondmen fall back on portraits, and in the end become mere transmitters of the foolish faces of their generation. If French art is not what it was, this is the cause of it. The artists have gone into society. They are to be seen in frock-coats at afternoon tea. They paint only between whiles, and the serious business is to hold their own with the magnates of the Turf and of the Stock Exchange. Meissonier tried hard for both the good things—the perfect house and the perfect art. But the art had to suffer, even with him. He was obliged to condescend to portraits, and, worst of all humiliations, to portraits of people he did not care a fig about. While Lemoinne and such-like were the sitters, it did not matter; but when it came to the others, he began to suffer for it. He tried to vindicate himself by his severities towards those who were least welcome to his studio. He would paint them, and especially their womankind, just as they came to him, with nothing extenuated, but with all their wrinkles, all the powder with which they tried to hide them, set down so faithfully that the disgusted sitters thought them set down in malice. His paintings of painted women, marvels of caricature in their absolute fidelity, are triumphs of realistic art; but few of them will ever be seen. Their cruel fidelity was his protest against thankless toil.

In truth, he was wrong to make the sitters suffer, for the fault was all his own. What did he want with the big house in the quarter of Monceau, and the bigger one at Poissy? A watertight barn would have served his purpose in art just as well. In his style of building he seemed always waiting for another Emperor Charles to pick up another pencil. He built to receive "the quality." There were bits in the house in the Boulevard Malesherbes which were quite beyond the reach of monarchs, inasmuch as Meissonier designed all the decorations himself. At Poissy there was a foolish sort of château, made out of a transmogrified country house. There was another frivolity in the south. Having to carry these three houses on his back, his pace towards perfect independence was less than the pace of the snail. In fact, he never reached it. But outwardly he made a brave show, and he was altogether a very splendid being. Nature had played tricks with his person in framing it for this part. He was a small man, yet, in certain situations, he looked quite a big one. He seemed Hercules to the waist—where he was not Michael Angelo's Moses, in the fine bold head and sweeping beard. But below the waist he dwindled into obscurity. His feet were smaller than most women's, and quite as beautifully proportioned. He was but a pocket Hercules, and at his worst he looked like something that might be worn on a watch-chain. His look symbolised his life, which was showy, but not very solid in the foundations. He had worries and cares that no man of genius ought to have, to be seen at his best. They were cares outside his work as a genius. They were not problems in colour and composition, but problems in the ridiculous science of making ends meet. To the last the dealers held him firm, and he had to do as much of their bidding as it was possible for a man of his self-will and sense of his own value to do. How many artists in England are in the like case? No few. This race when it touches fame cannot live simply. It lives by the pride of the eye, and easily falls into the temptation of a brougham and a butler. Then comes the fatal moment when the liabilities, actual and prospective, necessitate an annual income of thousands, and a mode of production that is mere sleight of hand. Adieu to all research, to all loyalty to the pure idea, to all love of the art for the art's sake. The monthly output must be something in hundreds, and every performance is but a pot-boiler under a sounding name. Our great men eat too many dinners. If they would meet once a month to feast on bread and cheese, and to toast art in small beer, it would do them and their country a world of good.

THE NOVEL OF THE FUTURE.—II.

CONVENTIONALITY has plenty of disguises: but to the conscientious artist she is most deadly when masquerading as Art itself and uttering half-truths. "Life," she tells the novelist, "is full of infinite detail. You, who aspire to depict many people influencing each other over considerable spaces of time, must be aware that you can only select amid this infinity. Moreover, life has few *dénoûments*, and those unsatisfactory. Men and women, as a rule, have no definite beginning, middle,

or end to their experiences; whereas a novel, to be properly constructed, must possess these. Therefore you must select mainly with a view to the structure you desire to give your work."

The answer to this is, "Art can only continue to exist by flying in the face of artistic propriety. If life has few *dénoûments*, and I aspire to depict life, why in the world should I insist on *dénoûments* and thrust my little jugglery into the midst of the great calm performance? If life abhors a climax, why should I end with one, instead of merely ceasing (as Homer ceases, for instance)? Of course it is possible to find *dénoûments* in life; but why must the anomaly be more valued than the rule? I grant the infinite detail of life and the necessity of selection. But I emphatically deny that this selection should be made mainly with a view to structure. For me to make structure equipollent with illustration of character is to set the creative power of my own brain above that of nature, and therefore to lose humility."

It can hardly be questioned that the enormous preponderance of the love-story in fiction is largely due to the ease with which it accepts a definite structure. Falling in love—impediments "why these two persons," etc.—marriage: here we have beginning, middle, and end made to our hand. But the prominence given by our novelists to prematrimonial love is surely a little absurd. With all respect for the British maiden it may be urged that her character grows in subtlety after marriage; that, in fact, she is slightly crude—a creature of half-knowledge, offering fetish-worship, of a singularly pure kind, to conventionality. Or, if this be denied, at least it will be allowed that she has yet to go through the great conflict; and to a student of life a fellow-creature who has done this and emerged, be it never so woefully battered and wounded, will always be more interesting than one who wears a bright armour that has never been tried.

Indeed there is far too much "sexual interest" in the conventional novelist's world. As a factor in human conduct love probably counts for less than ambition or self-interest (to say nothing of conscience). Yet novels in which ambition or self-interest forms the leading motive are few indeed. Conscience, it is true, finds a fuller treatment; but (if we except the "religious" novel) it is chiefly employed to settle nice points of casuistry in love-affairs. It is astounding that, while so many of Trollope's hints have been worked to death, the possibilities of new work suggested by his beautiful story "The Warden" should continue to be ignored.

We said in a former paper that the novelist's art, taking colour from the life he observes, will tend to become "democratic." This word is open to the charge of vagueness: but a sentence or two will make our meaning clear. "Democracy," as we are from time to time reminded, is merely a form of government—government by the whole body of the people as distinguished from government by a privileged class. It is obvious, however, that the social importance of the masses is growing with their political importance, and it is just this that fiction has, up to this time, failed miserably to take into account. The overwhelming proportion of our yearly mass of fiction deals with the habits and emotions of the upper middle class; and when the "lower classes" have the luck to find an interpreter, he usually speaks with a patronising inflection as one exhibiting their foibles for the delight of a superior species. The peasant is for ever "Hodge"—the asinine Hodge whose characteristics are the sport of his betters. The reason is simple. The ordinary novelist writes for the circulating library; which depends for patronage on the upper middle class; which, again, demands to be flattered. Nor can we expect a respectful study of the poor until the price of books is lowered and the poor become part of the novelist's public. Even so great a genius as George Meredith cannot escape the fashionable ineptitude. When he writes of the drudging Briton it is with a plentiful contempt, a deal of that same superficial cleverness which he himself treats so unmercifully in certain passages of "Beauchamp's Career," and a monstrous lack of real intelligence. Take the earlier chapters of "Sandra Belloni," if an instance be wanted. It is all done *de haut en bas;* whereas a right study of the subject demands a certain humility and abnegation of the pride of culture. In other words, sympathy must come before understanding. Here again Hardy's work is a bright example. Mrs. Woods's "A Village Tragedy" is another—unfolding its simple tale without impertinent comment and without intrusion of the "cultured" *ego*. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, too, seems to be aiming at the mark with his "Badalia Herodsfoot" and his "Soldiers Three"—if he will only follow Mrs. Woods's example so far as to curtail the running commentary, which is not only "cheap" in itself, but which, even if precious, would still interfere with the presentment of his characters. At present he is too much occupied with Mr. Rudyard Kipling to be quite intelligent. We rate "Terence Mulvaney" above "Badalia," as we rate Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree" above "A Village Tragedy," because the true cheerfulness of the masses lies less on the surface than their misery, and requires deeper study. And we rate Hardy first because he alone is insisting on the true dignity of the labouring man.

If we want to match the dignity of his "Woodlanders" we must travel far eastward to Russia; or across the Atlantic to Walt Whitman. Whitman has little power in Boston: for Boston is even more conventional than London and will hardly believe that a voice crying in a wilderness (that is to say, somewhere outside a club or a coterie) can have anything to say. And we will grant to Whitman's enemies (for argument's sake) every fault they find in his style. Nevertheless the dominant note of his teaching is the dignity of man, as man. He insists on the beauty of the toiling body and the toiling mind. He inveighs against the feudal traditions of literature. He invites it to study the people, convinced that the literature and art of a country "are of importance principally because they furnish the materials and suggestions of personality for the women and men of that country, and enforce them in a thousand effective ways." The same words are true on this side of the ocean. Whitman has touched the pith of the matter: for unless literature can help men and women to do the best with their surroundings by telling them the truth about themselves and their surroundings, it had better die to-morrow. There is a notion, lingering in this country, that "fiction" implies a lie. Fiction, on the contrary, is truth, or it ceases to have any excuse for existing. And because our novelists are selling their freedom to-day, and prattling amiable falsehoods to school-girls, they are the just laughing-stock of their enfranchised brothers throughout the world.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN—NEW STYLE.

A YEAR or so ago the world was laughing rather sadly over the story of the egregious pigeon who, after many workmanlike pluckings, was neatly stripped of his last feathers in the year of her Majesty's Jubilee. The book of turf reminiscences we have here ("Racing Reminiscences and Experiences of the Turf"—Longmans) is a work of a different character to Mr. Benzon's. It is needless to say that Sir George Chetwynd is not a pigeon. He is, on the contrary, a very clever man, who has made racing pay for the last twenty-two years, and who, for aught we know, may live to see half a dozen "Jubilees" flutter feebly to their ruin. At the Chetwynd-Durham trial he put his winnings in stakes for one year at £9,000, and his gains in bets for another year at £5,000 or £6,000. Together, the two

sources of income must often have run into five figures. The book contains references to many single bets on each of which the gains were some thousands. What is more beautiful even than the dazzlement of individual *coups* is the clerk-like accuracy of Sir George's system, the beauty of his book-keeping, the sedate order of his scheme of life. Yet the field of enterprise was wide. Green turf or green table—all was one in this methodical amalgam of business and pleasure. From Epsom to Newmarket—from Brighton to Deauville—from roulette at Monte Carlo to baccarat at Nice—this Pilgrim of Sport had gone his unwearied way—in search, if not precisely of The Good, at least of The Good Thing—and not with empty scrip. There is something petrifying in the very gravity and simplicity of the delineation of such an existence. "I had now learned to play carefully" (this of the tables at Monte Carlo in 1882). Or take these earlier jottings for 1874, stray leaves of truth and poetry from Sir George Chetwynd's life, which we venture to bind for the benefit of his and our readers:—

> The Sussex fortnight. Start same day for Deauville; racing next day; pigeon-shooting next; Sir G. C. shoots brilliantly; the ladies of the half-world—the *tricoteuses* of a later day—look on and knit approvingly; more racing—Deauville, York, Warwick, Paris (Auteuil meeting); evenings at the theatre; after the theatre the American bar, "kept by J. Coney, driven from England in consequence of the closing of all the late houses in Panton Street and round the Haymarket." . . . "Here backers and layers used to assemble the night before races. I myself took four thousand to one thousand from two bookmakers at this very place."

And so on, year in and year out, with a bewildering monotony of theme that, despite our knowledge of the strain of nervous excitement that runs through it, fairly makes the head swim. Withal, the chronicle, which must in the main be the brief abstract of most racing men's lives, is laudably frank. Sir George passes lightly over one or two ugly incidents in the story of the racing of the last twenty years, and he glosses the charge of foul riding against Archer with the remark that it arose from his over-anxiety to win races. Moreover, as with all writers who only half possess the art of describing events and emotions, we have to set something down to the baldness of the text, and supply the colouring ourselves. Sir George, however, does not leave much to be desired on the side of frankness. He is proud of his profession, but he does not disguise its seamy side. We learn from him that occasionally "gentlemen of the turf" do not pay their debts of honour; that they bet far beyond their means, or with not a farthing to back their losses when settlement day comes round; that desperate retrievings of lost fortunes, shameful escapes from the jaws of the pit of shame, are frequent; that bookmakers will give beginners false quotations; that race-horses are occasionally poisoned; that now and then they are blinded with snuff; that men will forge to win a race; that the racing world is set round with a sea of rascality, seething with strong drink, and that the moral atmosphere of this outer circle resembles, as someone has said, that of Swedenborg's excrementitious hells. All this is obvious from Sir George's book; some of it is plainly stated. A sterner effort of imagination is needed to bring into relief the darker elements of the game in which, from the point of view of Sir George and his class, one sees, at its best, a colossal waste of talent and energy; at its worst, a series of dirty entanglements between the highest and the lowest classes—from peers to stable-boys—in order to "do" their neighbours out of their money. The turf may be a green paradise to Rag, Famish, and Co.; it is a dull hell to their slaves and victims. How many hundreds of thousands of working men yearly spend 20, 30, 40 per cent. of their earnings in gambling on horses they have never seen, and whose points they don't know from the Centaur's? How many generations of patient labour at the loom or with the pick and shovel are daily mortgaged in order that a few score rich men may, for a few mad moments, feel their pulse beat faster? What their betters do, we know. Count Jaraczewski—who, by the way, fought two duels and risked a third—wins £20,000 in two bets, himself risking £200; £100,000 changes hands over a single race; one of Mr. Benzon's bets is £15,000 against £8,000, and this Arch-Addlepate loses £10,000 in a night's gambling. These are the imposing deals in the sporting market; behind them lie the infinite peddlings of the men and boys to whom statesmen, millionaires, and country squires set the fashion of making money without working for it, and who every year go jingling down to hell to the music of the silver ring.

We must not forget Sir George's advice to beginners in racing. It is a compendious philosophy of the main chance, running somewhat on these lines:—"My good child, you will begin betting at Ascot; you will open on weight-for-age races; you will settle up promptly; you will not despise small bets; you will make up your books as you go; you will follow public form closely—not too closely; you will eschew the pomps and vanities of plunging; you will in all things be a discreet young backer, betting boldly when you are winning, and timidly when you are losing. So shall you hope to be one day too many for your natural enemy the Ring, and shall now and then happen on "The Good Thing." Thus far the Shorter Catechism for racing novices—the Secret Path for the sporting adept. How does sober England like the look of it?

HOME PETS.

XI.—Curates.

I DO not wish to speak of curates in the natural state, of curates in church. I have observed them in their native aisles, but I do not forget that I am writing of home pets, and I only intend to mention the domesticated curate.

Only the other day a lady consulted me on the subject of curates. She generally had a few in her green-house, or playing about with tennis balls on the lawn. "I can never," she said, "remember the different varieties. I have fixed labels on them sometimes, in order to make no mistake, but the vexatious little animals tear them off." The difficulty is not an uncommon one; for although they can be easily distinguished in the natural state, they are inclined to resemble one another when domesticated. Fortunately one of my dearest friends is the butler at a house where there are a good many curates kept; it is a sort of curate ranche, in fact, and I have the benefit of his opinion. But, unfortunately, I know him to be prejudiced, and consequently cannot value that opinion as much as I might otherwise have done. He says that he observes the Bibles which they occasionally leave on the hall-table, and has noticed:—

(1) That low-church curates have large, plainly bound Bibles, with flaps, filled with loose sheets of paper—which may be (*a*) hymn-lists, (*b*) verse, (*c*) notes in pencil of the sermons of other curates—and secured with an elastic band.

(2) That the Bible of the high-church curate is smaller, has an ornamental binding, and contains an extract from St. Augustine written on the title-page.

(3) That the broad-church curate has no Bible, but manages to get along with selections.

Of course, I do not say that these opinions are absolutely correct; as I said before, the butler was prejudiced, although I cannot remember exactly at the present minute which side his prejudices favoured. I have often thought that curates might, when in the domesticated state, be distinguished not so much by the ordinary scientific terms, dividing them into three classes, as by the qualities which they bear.

For instance, there is the intellectual curate, one of the commonest kinds. He will, in the natural

state, quote the original Greek, and when he is kept in a house, he is likely to read fine pieces of poetry aloud. I have in my possession a copy of the poetical works of Longfellow, given to me when I was young as "A Reward for Marked Improvement in Handwriting," and there are three holes cried straight through the most pathetic part of "Evangeline." The damage was done indirectly by an intellectual curate with a rich tremor in his voice. I should have not minded it so much if they had been my own tears; a man has a perfect right to weep his copy of "Evangeline" into sheer pulp if he likes; but he does not care to have his books spoiled by aunts whom he does not value. Then there is the athletic curate, whose similarity to a Mexican mustang will be recognised by anyone who has never seen either. He looks very free and fearless as he dashes past one on his tricycle, tossing his head at intervals to increase his impetus, and sniffing the morning breeze. You can generally keep this kind in the stable. But although he is an athlete, he never forgets that he is a curate, and I believe that his passion for lawn-tennis is connected with the service. On the other hand, the social curate may be allowed to come into the drawing-room. He will get into a corner and purr. Or you can pour a cup of tea into the slot, and draw out a candid opinion of the vicar. Yet in the end the curate becomes a vicar, just as the common frog becomes a tadpole, or a chrysalis, or something of the kind. Then, of course, there is the sad, soulful curate of fiction, who suffers terribly from doubts; sooner or later he discovers that he is a fraud; then in a crowded church, a fit of remorse, and a chapter headed "Non sum dignus!" he preaches a farewell sermon; there is a quivering gasp in his voice; the congregation weep, for they all love him; the curate weeps and the vicar weeps; the air is redolent with agony. And, lastly, there are some curates who never get domesticated at all.

Why, it may be asked, should one keep curates at all? There is the expense of feeding them to be considered, not to mention the trouble of exercising them and keeping them clean. Does it repay one? I should, from my own experience, answer in the affirmative, for this reason—it is possible to say sarcastic things about curates. If you urge that you do not want to be sarcastic, or to be thought sarcastic, one must, I suppose, believe you. But my impression is that if the gentlest dove that ever cooed were told that it was terribly satirical, it would have difficulty in concealing its pleasure at the compliment. You can be sarcastic on the subject of curates when you would find it impossible to be bitterly witty about anything else—except, perhaps, mothers-in-law, amateur theatricals, and seasickness. It is not probable that your sarcasm will be new, but it takes a stronger reason than this to stop a sarcastic person when his blood is up. On the other hand, there are objections to keeping curates. They use a good deal of tea, and set examples, and marry on the least provocation. During the Christmas season they lie in a jungle of evergreens, sucking tin-tacks and watching their parishioners fall off ladders. The greatest objection to them, of course, is that they will work on Sunday.

THE DRAMA.

THE hunting of the Snark was a severely scientific expedition compared with so foolhardy an adventure as the attempt to disengage the dramatic from the musical element of an opera. But it is the critic's privilege (the criticised even go so far as to say it is his function) to be foolhardy, and I purpose, therefore, this week to speak of Mr. Julian Sturgis, the librettist of the new *Ivanhoe*. It is only fitting to preface what I have to say with some expression of decent condolence, by way of grace before meat, like the walrus's condolence with the oysters. "I weep for you, the critic said, I deeply sympathise." What else can one feel but deep sympathy for the plight of an opera-book compiler, condemned by the very law of his calling to be, as Terence says in the *Adelphi* about someone else, *parasitaster paululus*—a poor little beggar of a hanger-on—to the real givers of the operatic feast, the stage-carpenter and the composer? I name the carpenter first, because it seems to me that the subject of *Ivanhoe* is, before everything else, spectacular. It is that, even in Scott's book, which is a piece of saga-literature, entrancing its readers (all caught young, of course) as Homer entrances them, chiefly because it is a book of fights. And fights in a book mean spectacle on the stage. I know well enough what passed between Mr. Sturgis and the stage-manager on this subject. "Give me," said Mr. Hugh Moss, acting as spokesman for Messrs. Harker, Hawes Craven, Ryan, and Telbin, "Give me my three fights: the fight at Ashby, the fight at Torquilstone, the fight at Templestowe." (Three scenes accounted for.) "But I can't start with a fight," protests Mr. Sturgis. "Of course not," says Mr. Moss; "you start with Cedric's Hall at Rotherwood, so as to bring in all the Anglo-Saxon——" "Fie!" interjects Mr. Sturgis; "Professor Freeman says——" "Bother Professor Freeman!—all the Anglo-Saxon characters with their Anglo-Saxon attitudes, and my best Ward-our Street Anglo-Saxon furniture." (Four scenes.) "And then, remember, I shall want a front-scene while the carpenters are building up each of my solid 'sets'—call 'em an 'Ante-chamber at Rotherwood' and a 'Passage at Torquilstone.'" (Six scenes.) Then comes Sir Arthur Sullivan's turn. "Don't forget my musical contrasts. After the Ashby fight I must have a woodland scene to bring in my 'comic relief' with the King and the Friar, and another woodland scene after the Torquilstone fight to bring in my little dance; then, of course, I must have an 'interior' for my big duets between my leading soprano, my baritone, and my tenor—can't you find a good 'interior' in Scott? Here you are! 'Turret-chamber at Torquilstone'—the very thing!" (There you have the nine scenes of the opera all told.) So poor Mr. Sturgis finds his scene-plot marked out for him in advance: and he has to "write up" to it, as Nicholas Nickleby had to write up his drama to Mr. Crummles's real pump. What wonder that his dialogue, squeezed between the upper millstone of stage-carpentry and the nether millstone of music, should come out a little flat? Flat, no doubt, it is; but remembering the average opera libretto, constructed on Figaro's famous principle that what is too silly to be said may be sung, let us recognise with gratitude that it is not baldrichash. One critic, to be sure, has this week called it "fustian," but as the same critic commits himself to the astounding judgment that Scott's dialogue is "noble," Mr. Sturgis may bear his censure with equanimity. As to the sacrifice of many of Scott's personages, that, I suppose, was an inevitable concession to a pit which likes an opera-house to close a little earlier than the adjacent taverns. The loss of Athelstane and Front-de-Bœuf may be endured; but it is hard to find Locksley reduced to a cypher, and the musical creator of Jack Point might surely have given a few bars to Wamba? In previous dramatisations of the novel this character has always been of importance, and it was thought not unworthy to be played by Liston.

Mention of a man who could act suggests a natural transition to people who cannot. It is, I fear, into the latter category that all the performers in the double cast of *Ivanhoe*—with perhaps a solitary exception—must be declared to fall. In this matter, of course, a liberal allowance must be made to singers. Subtleties of facial play, for instance, are hardly possible in an actor who has to keep his mouth wide open, and a suppliant heroine cannot be expected to bow her head while delivering her C *in alt*. But this gallant attempt of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's

to establish an English opera might well have been accompanied by an effort to disestablish the bad old histrionic traditions of its Italian rival. The singers might condescend to acquire the A B C of pantomime —*e.g.*, to walk the stage gracefully; to let the action precede, not follow, the word; and, above all, to bethink them that the art of gesture is something more than the mere process of sawing the air. Hardly any of the *Ivanhoe* performers have learned this rudimentary lesson. Their arms are not human arms, but the arms of a semaphore, expressing the language of the emotions by a system of up-and-down code signals. One would think that only an audience of railway-engine drivers could find this sort of thing really convincing. Yet the opera-going public—*servum pecus*—have endured it, without protest, for countless generations. It is, I am inclined to think, in Madame Albani that this code system has reached its highest point of mechanical perfection; and the Albanian method is reverently followed by the artists of the new English opera. Stay! They have had the courage to make one breach in the classic tradition. One of the arms of the Albani semaphore always grasps a pocket-handkerchief. I have seen that handkerchief in *La Traviata*, in *Lohengrin* and in *Tannhauser*—where have I not seen it? Mr. D'Oyly Carte, greatly daring, has abolished the pocket-handkerchief. There was one moment in *Ivanhoe* when there seemed imminent danger of its reintroduction. The Lady Rowena dries her fair hands, at Cedric's table, on a napkin, and the actress was evidently tempted to fix the napkin permanently on an arm of the semaphore, until it was gently but firmly withdrawn from her reluctant grasp—and I breathed again. Now, if Mr. Carte's artistes would only take their courage in both hands, and abolish not only the handkerchief, but the whole system of sham opera-histrionics along with it! Take one instance. When Rebecca wrests herself from the embrace of the Templar, she mounts the battlements, and threatens, if he approaches, to throw herself headlong. Common-sense (as well as Scott's narrative) indicates that she should remain there to the very end of the scene. But both Miss Macintyre and Miss Thudichum leave their place of safety to range themselves, in obviously foolish confidence, once more alongside their pursuer—merely in order that the concluding bars of the great duet may be sung, in the conventional fashion, straight over the footlights. Neither of these ladies has been at the pains to "make-up" like a Jewess, and the second, at least, of the two never attempts to distinguish between the stage and the concert-platform. So with the rest. To the eye Mr. Ben Davies is a ludicrously impossible Ivanhoe. Of the two King Richards, Mr. Franklin Clive can act a little, Mr. Norman Salmond not at all. Miss Esther Palliser and Miss Lucile Hill play Rowena fairly well, only because that doll-like personage requires no playing. Miss Marie Groebl, the Ulrica, is absurdly "made-up," and Mr. Avon Saxon's Friar Tuck suggests one of those wobbling toys of india-rubber—"whistling cooks," I think they are called—on sale in the Lowther Arcade. The one exception I spoke of is the Templar of Mr. Eugene Oudin—a thoroughly intelligent and forcible piece of acting. Let me add, too, that the crowd, both in the Tournament scene and in the mellay at Torquilstone, is manœuvred with a realism and picturesqueness of effect not hitherto seen on the operatic stage. It is a pity the principals cannot take a lesson in acting from the supernumeraries. If anyone cares to object that the principals, though poor actors, are all admirable singers, I will not say him nay. They are—but that is not my business.

Nor is the music. And yet I shall have the impertinence to avow my liking for it. To me it seems the very music for the subject, the music proper to what it was the fashion in Scott's day to call "Merrie England"—especially the first half of the opera, the scenes at Rotherwood, Ashby, and in Sherwood Forest, where it is mainly a thing of jovial drinking-songs, fanfares, martial and patriotic choruses, with lilting melodies and simple rhythms. The composer, no doubt, will prefer to be judged by the music of the Torquilstone scenes, where he for the first time attempts to scale the heights of Grand Opera—with what precise degree of success who shall say? It is no real disparagement to the great duet between Rebecca and the Templar (admirably sung by Miss Macintyre and Mr. Oudin) to hint that the duet between Valentine and Raoul in Act IV of the *Huguenots* is greater. Some of us may prefer the piquant Orientalism of Rebecca's prayer to the duet; others, the impassioned dramatic soliloquy of the Templar. By the way, I see the Nothing-if-not-Wagnerian "G.B.S." has objected to the Templar's music as too sickly-sweet for a character so fierce and rugged, and takes the composer to task because his suave melodies do not dramatise the tanned visage and scarred brow of Scott's invention. It would be easy for the musician to answer: "Scott's Bois-Guilbert has a squint; do you wish me to dramatise that? May not tawny Templars discourse sweet music when they go a-courting? Remember the parable of the lion and the honey—*ex forti dulcedo*." A. B. W.

M. ST. HILAIRE AND THE NEW ARISTOTLE.

THE greatest living Aristotelian is unquestionably M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, the French Senator and ex-Minister. M. St. Hilaire, writing to our Paris correspondent on the question of the Aristotle papyrus, says:—

"I shall not be able to pronounce on the authenticity of the work discovered at the British Museum until I have the Greek text before me. But Aristotle or not, the work is very important, since it appears to go back to the time of Vespasian.

"The author of the article in the *Times* of the 30th ult. seems to have doubts as to the authenticity of the work, and the quotations which he makes are far from dissipating all doubts. But however this may be, if the antiquity of the papyrus can be established, it will always have great importance."

The writer of these lines further stated, "It is not at all improbable that the work may be genuine; Egypt teems with documents of antiquity subsequent to the foundation of Alexandria.

"From the account given of the manuscript, much new light appears to be thrown on the history of Greece, from the time of Solon to Pericles. As to the alleged disparity of style between the text of the discovered papyrus and Aristotle's other known writings that have come down to us, it must be remembered that Cicero had gone to Athens, where, no doubt, he had instances before his eyes of 'the golden stream of eloquence' of the author of the Constitution of Athens. Aristotle's extant elegy on the death of a friend bears witness, moreover, to the marvellous sweetness of his diction."

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire added: "What is particularly remarkable in Aristotle is his precision of style and wonderful insight into Nature. He teaches us that all the operations of Nature, even the most repugnant, have their lesson, as they have their use. The Greek philosopher believed in a divine origin of the universe, in a different sense from Plato, it is true; he gives no warrant for the modern follies of so-called Darwinism."

M. St. Hilaire (says our correspondent), who has completed his translation of Aristotle after fifty-nine years' labour—the whole making thirty-five volumes, the last four of which are in the press—is now engaged on a life of Cousin. Materials for the Memoirs are close at hand, as the eclectic philosopher bequeathed his library to M. St. Hilaire. The disciple has now attained the age of eighty-five, but he hopes to crown the edifice with this finishing stone to

a mighty monument of Benedictine labour "if God spares my life."

The same authority was kind enough to give me the following written opinion on the vexed question of the utility of classical studies for the generality of modern youth: "I consider them indispensable for all civilised nations, to maintain the level of intelligence, even scientific. Only, they are not necessary for everybody; and it is possible to create, apart from classical studies, a system of instruction altogether practical and professional. It is for families to choose what they wish to make of their children.

"The suppression of classical studies would do more harm to France than to any other people. Unfortunately we are marching in that direction."

I called on M. Jules Oppert, the distinguished Assyriologist, to ascertain what he had to say about the discovery of stones with presumed Chaldaic inscriptions, in the recently demolished house in Knightrider Street. The learned professor had inspected these wonderful relics at the British Museum in company with Sir Henry Rawlinson, and had satisfied himself of their genuineness.

He entirely corroborated the account given in THE SPEAKER of the 31st ult. It was impossible that these curiously inscribed stones could be forgeries, for modern imitations of these documents were unknown at the time of their probable transportation to London in the seventeenth century. The idea once prevailed that the inscriptions on these stones or bricks might be produced by insects! M. Oppert showed me a cast of a similar boundary stone, the original of which is in the Louvre, which he had deciphered; it contains the usual maledictions, in the name of divinity, against whoever removeth his neighbour's landmark. The professor also presented me with a copy of his paper on the Chaldean Nautical Almanac of Ptolemy, representing the work of twenty years.

THE WEEK.

THE omission of a single portrait—even of so illustrious a person as DAVID HUME—from an exhibition professedly illustrative of an epoch is hardly matter for comment: not so the systematic exclusion of an entire class. At the Guelph Exhibition, held under the special patronage of the head of the English Church, ministers of religion are represented by an historian, a critic, a satirist, and a novelist. ROBERTSON, BENTLEY, SWIFT, and STERNE are not associated with a single person whose claims to distinction depend in any way upon his clerical character. Yet the divines of the Georgian period are fully as famous as its statesmen and commanders. Few, we should suppose, would hesitate to pronounce Bishops BUTLER and BERKLEY the greatest intellectual glories of GEORGE THE SECOND'S reign, PALEY the most powerful reasoner of GEORGE THE THIRD'S, WARBURTON the most vigorous controversialist of his day, HOADLY and CLARKE the most characteristic representatives of theirs, and WESLEY the great religious genius of the century. All these are in the predicament of the images of BRUTUS and CASSIUS; and although the stores of Lambeth and Fulham and Bishopthorpe stood at command, not a single Primate or Bishop of London has found entrance, any more than the WHITEFIELDS and LARDNERS and ROBERT HALLS of Nonconformity. Disrespect to religion is the very last motive to be attributed to such a body as the Exhibition Committee; ignorance would be, if possible, a still less conceivable explanation; and ecclesiastical portraits being as easily attainable as any others, the omission seems as unaccountable as it is unfortunate, and now, we must fear, irremediable.

IN his contribution to the history of his brother, MR. F. W. NEWMAN points out a misprint in a famous passage of "Pendennis," which seems to have escaped attention until now:—"This man gives up everything, *dearest* ties, *closest* vanities." "Is this," queries MR. NEWMAN, "a strange misprint?" It seems likely, but it is also strange that he should not suggest the simple amendment of transposing the epithets.

THE text of the newly discovered work of ARISTOTLE on the Constitution of Athens was published on Friday of last week, and went very nearly, if not quite, out of print at once. Its publication was heralded by another article in the *Times*, which, but for an almost irresistible and entirely erroneous comparison between ARISTOTLE and SIR HENRY MAINE, gave an interesting but very inadequate sketch of the contents. The work assuredly, if it be a forgery, is not a *modern* one; but the style does not correspond either to the fluent and melodious diction which CICERO ascribes to ARISTOTLE, or to the compressed, curiously constructed, and highly technical language familiar in his extant works.

IN fact, the first impression it gives is that it has as little individuality as an ordinary newspaper article. The early part—especially as regards SOLON'S economic and political reforms—is somewhat meagre and disappointing. PISISTRATUS, however, appears as a benevolent despot who lent capital at low rates to the peasantry to promote agriculture in Attica, and keep them from meddling in politics. That he did promote agriculture was known before, but the natural hypothesis hitherto was that he proceeded by suppressing such remnants as survived of the feudal dues of the landed aristocracy. Curious details are given about ostracism; the lot in elections, and the existence of moderate or "timocratic" popular government, date back much earlier than has hitherto been supposed; the life of THEMISTOCLES must be re-written; and the praise bestowed on the excellent but incompetent NIKIAS, and on the impracticable and shifty independent THERAMENES, shows that ARISTOTLE was after all not much wiser than other Greek historians, while the commendation of the Government of the Four Hundred—got up as it was partly by doctrinaires and partly by self-seeking oligarchic conspirators—because it (professedly) fulfilled two tests of good government laid down in ARISTOTLE'S "Politics," suggests the work of either a pupil or a pedant. So in a less degree does the treatment of the Thirty Tyrants; the latter or descriptive part tells us little that is new, except in details.

IN two or three points the book makes havoc of recent conjectural reconstruction in Germany. But it does not render it necessary to re-write the history of Athens, though it does give a great deal of supplementary detail of the utmost importance and interest.

MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS intended to write a new book treating merely of the East End of London and of metropolitan crime, but many friends urged him to continue the recital of his experiences at the Bar; and in compliance with this suggestion he has given us "Later Leaves" (MACMILLAN), a large volume in the style of his entertaining reminiscences. He begins his new book with further memoirs of his practising days, and then takes us on from the point at which he left us in "Leaves of a Life," to relate his magisterial experiences. MR. WILLIAMS dwells more particularly on the state of the London poor. To one division of the public, the ever-increasing body of fiction-writers, MR. WILLIAMS'S "Later Leaves" will be specially interesting, as it is a mine of suggestion of phrase and incident.

A VERY interesting work has been published by MR. ELLIOT STOCK. It is a translation by MRS. JOHN B. SHIPLEY of "Nadeschda," one of the longer works of JOHAN LUDWIG RUNEBERG, the Swedish poet. Very early in his career RUNEBERG showed himself possessed of a mastery of style and a calm command of his subject in which he much resembled THORWALDSEN. None of his creations can take rank among the great masterpieces, but he never produced a mediocre work. A few of his shorter pieces have already been translated into English, but this, so far as we know, is the only rendering of any of his longer works.

THE fiction of the week includes, in three volumes, "Consequences" (BENTLEY), by a new writer who calls himself EGERTON CASTLE; and "John Squire's Secret" (WARD & DOWNEY), by DR. C. J. WILLS. "A Secret Mission" (BLACKWOOD), by E. GERARD; "Just Impediment" (WARD & DOWNEY), by RICHARD PRYCE; and "Under Sentence" (WARD & DOWNEY), by MISS MARY CROSS, are in two volumes. MR. RICHARD PRYCE has also a one-volume story, "The Quiet Mrs. Fleming," which is published by MESSRS. METHUEN & CO.; and MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD & SONS issue, in one volume, "A Domestic Experiment," by the author of "Ideala."

AMONG the miscellaneous literature of the week we may class "The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe" (UNWIN), by POLITIKOS; "Racing Reminiscences and Experiences of the Turf" (LONGMANS), by SIR GEORGE CHETWYND; the second volume of "The Library" (STOCK), edited by MR. J. Y. W. MACALISTER, F.S.A.; "Visitations and Memorials of Southwell Minster" (Camden Society), edited by MR. A. F. LEACH; "The Cruise of the *Dunottar Castle*" (CONSTABLE), by MR. W. SCOTT DALGLEISH; and the second volume of an enlarged edition of "The Handbook of Games" (GEORGE BELL), which is entirely devoted to a treatise on card games.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON, writing in the *National Review*, cannot believe that he criticiseth best who loveth best all styles both great and small; laments the decay of the noble art of slating; looks back with regret to a time when "author" and "critic" represented a distinction so pointed as almost to be antithetical; and would have the modern critic cease talking about his work and do something. In a general sense, criticism must be scientific; the critic must have a method, and he must know what he writes of. But if a critic "writes with good sense, a respectable equipment of knowledge, and an honest endeavour after truth, he will perhaps have the satisfaction of finding on the last day, when he shakes himself together again, that he had been writing scientific criticism all his life without knowing it." Perhaps; or perhaps he may find on that important date that "it's of no consequence." After all, MR. TOOTS saw things in some measure from the point of view of the infinite.

THE first number of *Black and White*, long expected, is in our hands at last. Performance is little, and promise much, in the case of a first number. It is easy to find fault; to say that the paper at present too nearly resembles a magazine; that both illustrations and letter-press will have to be somewhat more "on the spot" to be quite successful; that the whole lacks unity and conviction. But the important point is that what is written is written in good English and printed in good type on good paper; while the illustrations leave no doubt that the new machinery fulfils the high expectations formed of it, and will efficiently back up the artists as soon as the paper has "found" itself. A feature which promises to give special distinction to the paper is the Author's Column, where no doubt we shall find our literary lions rending each other furiously, before long. The number contains a short story by MR. JAMES PAYN, and the opening chapter of MR. R. L. STEVENSON'S Travel-Talk about his cruises among the South Sea Islands, with one very fascinating illustration. The two-page illustration "Rembrandt's Mother" is, we think, an error of judgment. To begin with, REMBRANDT'S picture lends itself in the very smallest degree to black-and-white; and, at any rate, the sheet should have been left loose and not fastened into the book with a couple of wire clamps through its middle.

A LIVELY print in the remote west of America has taken exception to what it calls the "luxurious lives" of "the modern European monarchs." The diatribe is picturesquely penned, but it does not conform to facts. If two out of every three of the reigning Sovereigns of Europe were deposed to-morrow, and dismissed into private life with a competency, they would live much more easily and snugly than they do under the burden of monarchy. Who, for example, would care to change places with ALEXANDER III. of Russia? What duke or stockbroker would care to begin work at sunrise, as almost every "working monarch" in Europe does, and continue, with brief interruptions for meals, until bedtime? The rulers of Germany, Austria, Denmark, Belgium, Greece, and Italy, are each and all at work several hours earlier than most clerks in the City; and the idlest of them is rarely able to snatch more than a poor two hours a day for riding, hunting, whist-playing, or the theatre. The SULTAN OF TURKEY himself has bare leisure of an evening for the society of the favourite one amongst his three hundred brevet spouses. A few contemporary European Sovereigns have time to read contemporary history; a few have time to ride, shoot, or fish; a few have time to pay an occasional visit to the theatre: not one of them has leisure to enjoy life.

THE FALL OF SIGNOR CRISPI.

ROME, January 29th, 1891.

SIGNOR GRIMALDI, our Chancellor of the Exchequer, yesterday made his financial statement. It had been very anxiously waited for, and the Minister answered to our expectations pretty well. He has been sincere: one can rely on the facts and figures presented by him. I, who say so, am not a friend, so when I praise the Minister I may be believed. And I must add that my praise is not unbounded. I don't wish to give you the idea that the statement of which I speak is at all to be compared with Gladstone's and Goschen's splendid statements. Signor Grimaldi is not a man of special mark. He is a very clever advocate; but although he is our most facile Parliamentary orator, he did not speak his statement, but read it, in order to be surer of his figures and his explanations. Besides, his statement was merely a numerical one, without any economic or social review. He was satisfied with making up accounts, and explaining how great has been our yearly deficit for many years, and how great it will be for some years to come.

I will not draw you into such a network of figures. But perhaps it will be interesting to you to know summarily the totals of our deficits since 1885, when, according to the Minister, they began anew. I give the figures in English money:—

1885-86 ...	£940,350	1887-88 ...	£2,917,194
1886-87 ...	£320,317	1888-89 ...	£9,374,748
	1889-90 ...	£3,621,779	

You see that the years of deficit are many; and there is the danger of the actual deficit being much more than the estimate.

It would be laughable if I explained to you how many times the reckoning of the deficit for 1890–91 has been changed by the Ministers and by the

Parliamentary Budget Commission. (We have such a thing, which you have not; and we are not the happier for having it.) Finally, the present Minister estimates it at £1,793,064; and it will stop there, I hope.

We are still in the budget of 1890–1. It continues till the end of June. But Ministers of Finance, as you know, are not deterred by the mistakes which they make in estimating the budget of the current year, from trying to estimate the budget of the coming year. Besides, the law requires it of them. And Signor Grimaldi obeys the law. The deficit of the coming year, then, will be £1,914,903.

All these deficiencies we have supplied in the only way which it is possible to find, and which, besides, is known to everyone. We have augmented our consolidated funds, and the floating debt of the Treasury. From the public, by the issue of stocks, we have asked for £9,464,650, and the Treasury will have at the end of next June £17,840,000. The Minister asserts that there is no danger: the Treasury can support, according to him, so great a debt. This opinion prevents his proposing anything to reduce it.

He is satisfied with proposing the means of making good the deficiency of the next year. It had been said by Signor Crispi and by the candidates before the elections, that the deficiency of the budget would be supplied only by economies. Economy was the one word which had been heard from every quarter. Here the Minister has shown his cleverness. He echoed this general cry. Many times through his speech he swore that nobody could be found more faithful than he to the economising creed. But, meanwhile, he has proposed only £360,000 of very trifling and transient economies, and £996,000 of petty taxes.

I will not weary my English readers with detailing to them these taxes. They are many and ably chosen; but they are taxes, and would not be voted by the House without much reluctance, if voted at all. But even if they were accepted, we should not make the two ends meet. We want £1,514,903, and we shall have £1,356,000 if the petty taxes are good enough to give all that the Minister hopes from them, and nobody believes that they will.

So that I do not think that Signor Grimaldi—notwithstanding his cleverness, or, perhaps, just because of it—has solved our very difficult financial problem. It wants, perhaps, a larger and profounder mind. We shall continue to creep behind the deficit. Without retrenching decidedly and thoroughly on the Budgets of War, Navy, and Public Works, we shall not find the way out. But to that Signor Crispi and many members are decidedly and strongly hostile. It is very curious to observe that the members of Southern Italy are the more hostile, and those of Northern Italy the more favourable, to a policy of true retrenchment. The cause of this apparently strange phenomenon would be very interesting to study, but not very difficult to discover.

Yesterday on the orders of the day in the House was the Bill on the Reduction of Prefectures, of which I have spoken to you in my last letter. One member proposed the adjournment. Signor Crispi declared that the House had to proceed with the Bill, and that he should make it a Cabinet question. Notwithstanding this declaration, 112 members voted for the adjournment; and among the members who voted against it—192 in all—there are many who will vote against the law. This has been a division much less favourable to Signor Crispi than that of nearly a month ago. So it is very doubtful whether this very unhappy law will pass, and whether Signor Crispi and his colleagues will not, on this occasion, lose place. But we are a very compromising people, and we cannot be sure that we shall not be able, at the last moment, to get out of the scrape, into which the Ministry and the House have fallen.

January 31.

The Chamber has just given a vote against Crispi, as I had forewarned you might be the case. The numbers in the division were 186 against, and 123 for him. He has moreover brought about his own fall, by using—in answer to myself personally—offensive language against Minghetti and the Ministers of 1876. It is not certain, however, that even without this breach of decorum the vote would not have been against him. The question before the Chamber was a law of "catenaccio"—a law, that is, by which the duty on alcohol was increased provisionally, awaiting the decision of the Chamber later on, as to whether it was to be increased or not. You call this "Suspense," I believe, but your Finance Minister does it by decree, and if the House does not accept the proposed increase, the tax is remitted: with us, it is imposed by law, and is not remitted. I will further explain all this to you in my next letter.

R. Bonghi.

AUSTRALIAN AFFAIRS.

Melbourne, Dec. 22, 1890.

SINCE I last wrote to you, the new Ministry has been re-elected without opposition, and has brought the session to a conclusion. These substantial successes no doubt console it for a good deal that has occurred to harass it, and that augurs ill for its stability. In the first place, the discontent of the Liberals who deserted Mr. Gillies, in order, as they said, to replace a coalition by a Liberal Ministry, and who find Mr. Munro's Cabinet predominantly Conservative, has turned out to be less noisy and more deep than was expected. It has rested only with Mr. Gillies to carry a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry that replaced his own less than two months ago. He is far too shrewd a politician to have listened to the overtures that were made to him. In the first place, though the country generally was against the displacement of the Gillies-Deakin Ministry, it does not desire to have frequent changes; least of all, to have changes that only replace the personal ambitions and intrigues of members of Parliament. In the next place, whether the new Ministry was to be taken from the Corner, or only recruited from it, it would have been weaker than Mr. Gillies' old team. There are not four moderately strong men to be found among the twenty who covet portfolios; especially if we exclude those who have held office before, and who ought, in the estimation of younger men, to be set aside for the present. Then, again, the declared Opposition is at heart more friendly to Ministers than to the men who ratted in October, and were prepared to rat again before Christmas. It is obvious policy to keep the veterans together, and trust that they will gradually become a majority as men detach themselves from Mr. Munro's following, or in case the country should declare against Mr. Munro. Lastly, there was, of course, this obvious reason against turning out the Ministry—that they would have been entitled to a dissolution.

So far, then, Mr. Munro is not seriously menaced, for these reasons will all tell, though in a less degree, against the carrying of a vote of want of confidence next session. His more real danger is from himself. He has already blundered in several ways beyond reasonable expectation; and some of his blunders unluckily lie in the direction of introducing what Americans know as "the spoils system." As I have told you, we have created a Standing Railway Committee of the two Houses, which is to decide what new lines are required, and in what way they can be most economically made. It was considered of the last importance to keep this Committee free from party bias, and accordingly Ministers were declared incapable of sitting upon it, and it was agreed that the Opposition should nominate half the members from the Assembly. It so happened that two of

the Ministerialists elected in September went over to the Opposition in October, and one of them, by accepting a portfolio, vacated his seat on the Committee. Naturally, Mr. Gillies and his supporters claimed that they should fill up the vacancy; and it is difficult to understand how the Premier and his colleagues could set aside this obviously just claim, as they incontinently did by electing one of their own supporters, so as to give themselves six seats out of eight. The real explanation of the mistake is understood to be that the Catholic vote had to be conciliated; but Premiers who attempt to conciliate the Catholic vote, always end by finding that its insatiable rapacity makes it a very dangerous ally. It is creditable to our press that its organs, without exception, declared in very outspoken language against the Premier's breach of compact. Happily for him, the last nominee, seeing the strong public sentiment that has been evoked, has taken the honourable course of resigning; and the Opposition were not only allowed to nominate his successor, but elected the one gentleman whom the Ministerialists had intimated they would not tolerate. The struggle over this matter has been intensified by the expectation—I may almost say, the certainty—that the members of the Committee are to be paid for their duties, which are too onerous to be discharged gratuitously. Had it been a mere honour that Mr. Munro was claiming for his side of the House, the offence would not have been so keenly resented; but we cannot afford in a small Parliament to let the Government have an undue share of valuable patronage in its gift. Another difficulty will probably arise when the question of payment comes to be considered. Mr. Gillies refused to propose any remuneration for the first year, on the ground that it was better to wait and see whether payment of any kind was really needed. It is now currently rumoured that Mr. Munro is pledged to introduce a Bill giving the chairman £1,500 a year, and the members £1,000 a-piece, and making the salaries retrospective to the day when they entered upon their duties. If anything on this scale is attempted, it is certain to be fiercely resisted; and it is not improbable that in such a case the Opposition would risk a dissolution.

The other tactical blunder Mr. Munro has committed has been in renewing the charges he made, as leader of the Opposition, that Mr. Gillies had deluded the public with a bogus surplus, and that the Treasury is heavily in debt. The main facts are, that a real fault of long standing in our public book-keeping (the charging of supplementary estimates to next year's income) has been set right by the late Premier; that the revenue during Mr. Gillies' term of office was steadily prosperous; that the amount charged by anticipation to sales of public land is unimportant; and that the only real danger to the country is from the desire of all parties in Parliament to borrow largely in England for the construction of railways of problematical value. Consequently Mr. Munro's case is not one that admits of being very strongly stated, unless he is prepared to announce that he will reverse our existing railway policy, which I admit to thinking dangerous. Mr. Munro, however, does not dare to promise this, for half the country is crying out for new lines, and popular and Parliamentary ideas of retrenchment do not go beyond cheap construction, with the early American, rather than with the English, model in view. Neither has Mr. Munro been able to lay his hands on any faulty departmental expenditure that can be retrenched. That he should adopt his predecessor's estimates was to a great extent unavoidable, but that his slight alterations should generally have been in the form of additions has the appearance at least of inconsistency. In one case he has added largely to a vote for dredging at Port Fairy, which can never be made a good port, which is better served by railway, and where the engineers of the Public Works Department would, if they were allowed, stop all operations. The influence of the member for Port Fairy—Sir Bryan O'Loghlan—is responsible for this waste, which of course means only that Sir Bryan's constituents think themselves entitled to the expenditure of a certain amount of public money. Even, however, if Mr. Munro had a good case to plead, he could scarcely sustain it against the leader of the Opposition, who is an incomparably better speaker, who knows the ground thoroughly, and who is at his best in attack. It would have been wise of the Premier to let old controversies rest till he had made some solid reform to which he could point. He was probably disconcerted at finding that the *Argus*, which began the assaults upon Mr. Gillies' finance, is now zealous to deprecate any sweeping attacks on it. Yet the newspaper's change of front might easily have been foreseen. A year ago the *Argus* could write freely against profuse expenditure without fearing that its remarks would have too much effect outside the country. Now the community is beginning to apprehend that too much has been said, and that the English investor will be scared.

I am sorry to say we are threatened with a renewal of the late strike. Neither employers nor the Trades Hall appear to have learned any wisdom from experience, and the beginnings are curiously like what they were last time. The employers refuse to engage any wharf labourers, except through a Labour Office of their own, and a man wanting a job has to procure a separate ticket on every new occasion; no matter whether he is only taken on for only two hours, or whether he is not taken on at all. The men are not, I think, unreasonable in objecting to the formalities, delays, and cost of this system. Unhappily, the strike has been begun just as the gas-works were in need of a supply of coal; and there is in this way the old complication, that men who wish the Unionists success may be compelled to take part against them, in order to save the city from being plunged in darkness. Probably, a peace of some kind will be patched up; but the mere fact that a strike is talked of, shows that the Unionists are still a belligerent power, though they were routed through the blunders of their leaders in the last fight. For my own part, I cannot doubt that when the Unions discard their indefensible practice of heavy entrance fees they will control industry in Australia. A striking example of what they can effect has just been seen in New Zealand, where they have completely remodelled the Parliament at the late elections; so many "labour candidates" have been returned. I do not apprehend that they will be equally successful here. The farmers, who are very powerful, are against them, and the Unionist vote in town constituencies is held in check by the plural votes of a well-to-do and unsympathetic class. Still, I am inclined to think that a small sprinkling of Unionists will be returned to the next Victorian Parliament, and that in a good many more cases members who are not themselves artisans will be returned pledged in a general way to the Unionist programme. Such a change will really mean less than it would imply in England. The position of the labourer here is on the whole so exceptionally good, that he can discuss even the question of wages without bitterness; and the interests of the different trades are so diverse, that it is scarcely probable they will ever unite to carry anything that is grossly unfair. Their dream at present is of a mild form of State socialism, so that the State shall buy up the gas-works, and control the steamers, and perhaps the supplies of fuel from mines and forests, as it at present controls the railways. The objection most of us feel to all this is that our State employees, who number many thousands, are at this moment getting higher wages for less work than the labourers in private employ, and it is not easy to see how we can extend this system indefinitely. However, with time comes counsel. That the Trades Hall has blundered

heavily during the last six months is, I think, undoubted; but that our working men generally are intelligent and temperate enough to be trusted with even more political power than they possess, seems pretty abundantly demonstrated by their conduct in Victoria during the late strike.

A ROMANCE OF PHILANTHROPY.

PREFACE. This article will not have been written in vain if I get a few guineas for it.

Introduction. There are so many Meiklejohns in Glasgow that to be one of them is a comparatively mean distinction. I used to be merely one of them, but nowadays I am "Meiklejohn of Glasgow," sometimes called "*The* Meiklejohn," "Meiklejohn the Philanthropist," and "That Meiklejohn—oh, you must have read about him in the papers." I here propose to narrate the true story of my rise.

Chap. I. On the fourth of August, 1890, I might have been observed entering the Central Station, Glasgow, carrying a yellow Gladstone bag. I took a ticket for London. I was then merely one of the Meiklejohns, but it did not weigh on my spirits, as I was off for a month's holiday. There was only one other person in the compartment, a dull, sleepy man; and I little thought, as I quarrelled with him about whether the window should remain open, that he was to be an important influence on my life. He left at a side station, unwittingly dropping something as he went out, and I did not mention it to him, thinking the article might prove of value. It turned out to be only a slightly tattered sixpenny copy of "Redgauntlet," and as Scott is a novelist I cannot read, I laid the book aside in chagrin. How little do we understand the value of things! That despised novel was to prove as useful to me as if it had been a *Tit-Bits* insurance coupon, and the train fated to run over an embankment. Were it not that I have conscientious scruples against leaving anything behind, I might not, on reaching London, have slipped "Redgauntlet" into my bag. It is strange to think that had I not done so this romance would never have been written. We are the playthings of fate.

Chap. II. My holiday was chiefly spent on the Thames. I might have been observed taking up my abode at various riverside inns, and finding, every time I changed my lodgings, that it was more and more difficult to pack my bag. At last a day arrived when that bag would not close. In vain did I knead its contents with my knee. Collars flew out and hit me in the face, boots rose on end. I had to abandon something, and it is almost unnecessary to say that "Redgauntlet" was the first to go. The landlord of the inn was helping me to pack, holding the boots down while I flung myself at the linen, and he said that if I was leaving the book behind, he would like to add it to his inn library. I said he was welcome, and gave him my address in Glasgow, to which he was to send a coat that had refused to remain in the bag in company with the boots.

Chap. III. On the fourth of September I might have been observed (and was, by sixteen boys) emerging from the Central Station, Glasgow, carrying a Gladstone bag. One may pause here to look at me, for I was now one of the Meiklejohns for the last time. At my home I found a parcel awaiting me. It contained my rebellious coat and a newspaper. The newspaper was the local organ of the village where the coat and the boots insisted on parting company, and a marked paragraph said, "If all innkeepers were as attentive to the wants of their customers as is our worthy neighbour, Mr. Day of the 'Three Fishermen,' hostelries would rise in public esteem. We have on a former occasion drawn attention to the library which Mr. Day provides for his customers, and it is now our pleasant duty to record a handsome addition just made to it of a beautifully bound copy of one of Sir Walter Scott's renowned romances. We understand that the donor is Mr. Meiklejohn of Glasgow." I sent this newspaper to a friend resident in my birthplace.

Chap. IV. A week afterwards I received from my friend a marked newspaper, which said: "It is always a pleasure to record the success of natives of our good old town, and few have risen to fame so quickly as Mr. James Meiklejohn, son of the much-respected Mr. James Meiklejohn, senior. Mr. Meiklejohn was in England lately, where he has been extending his business, and we learn from a trustworthy source that he has left behind him a kindly memento of his visit. This took the form of a set of the Waverley novels, which Mr. Meiklejohn presented to the library of a popular centre of industry."

Chap. V. Shortly afterwards, a Glasgow paper contained the following: "Mr. James Meiklejohn, of this city, made a very favourable impression in the south of England lately, where his lecture on the 'Genius of Sir Walter Scott' is being much spoken of. We understand that Mr. Meiklejohn's reason for giving to England what he has not yet given to Glasgow is that he found the people of the watering-place where he has been sojourning shockingly ignorant of the works of the Wizard of the North. But though we in Glasgow know our Scott, we have not yet tired of hearing him estimated by a recognised authority on the subject (as Mr. Meiklejohn is on all hands allowed to be), and we are therefore pleased to learn that he is being approached with a view to his repeating his lecture in the city of the immortal Bailie."

Chap. VI. "To Mr. James Meiklejohn. Dear Sir, You will, I hope, let my motive be sufficient excuse for the liberty I take in addressing you. I am secretary of the above Y.M.C.A., and it is our custom to have a few lectures yearly from lecturers of *established reputation.* In these circumstances I am requested by the committee to ask whether you would favour us (on any Wednesday during the months of January or February) with the lecture you have already delivered with such signal success in London, Glasgow, and elsewhere. Unfortunately, we are not in a position to offer any honorarium beyond our grateful thanks, but these you will have in no stinted measure. Requesting an answer at your earliest convenience, and thanking you in advance, I am, etc."

Chap. VII. "Our readers will be interested to hear that Mr. James Meiklejohn, of Glasgow, is now revising the proof-sheets of his work on the 'Characters of Scott.' Afriend who has been privileged to read the advance sheets is loud in their praises. The work will be in one vol. illustrated."

Chap. VIII. "No one at this time of day will deny Mr. Meiklejohn of Glasgow's literary attainments, but we question, nevertheless, whether he was well-advised in sneering at Burns in the course of his lectures on Scott in the great English towns. All that can be said against Burns was said long ago, and it would be more worth Mr. Meiklejohn's while to look for merit in the ploughman bard than to revile him before strangers who are alike ignorant of his genius and his unfortunate circumstances."

Chap. IX. "It has long been well known that Mr. Meiklejohn of Glasgow possesses the manuscripts of several of the Waverley novels. He has promised, it appears, to present these to the British Museum of London, but surely the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, would be the proper repository for them. There, it is scarcely too much to say, they would be guarded by the Great Unknown's own shadow."

Chap. X. "Dear Mr. Meiklejohn, Will you attend our Burns dinner on the 27th, and propose the toast of 'Sir Walter'? It would be a great treat to us, especially if you cared to bring some of your Scott relics with you. They would be perfectly safe in our hands."

Chap. XI. "Our London correspondent announces that Mr. Meiklejohn, of Glasgow, has offered to present a statue of Scott to his native town. The offer has been accepted."

Chapter the Last. We must now leave Mr. Meiklejohn, happy in his home, beloved by his wife and children, and esteemed by all who know him, as who does not? Let us take a last peep at him. It is gloaming, and his family are gathered round his knee, while he tells them the story of his rise. His moral is, Kind actions awaken kind echoes. But, hark, what is that? It is the postman's knock. He brings another newspaper; who can tell what is in it? Perhaps it has the price of the statue. And all this is because an insignificant old gentleman dropped a sixpenny "Redgauntlet" in a railway carriage.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AGAINST THE ONE-POUND NOTE.

SIR,—

"Though a guinea it will sink, and paper it will float,
Yet I'd sooner have a guinea than a one-pound note."

But will the one-pound note float, and still more, will the ten-shilling note do so?

It would be unfair to criticise Mr. Goschen's scheme from its financial aspect until we have before us the proposed method of preventing the released bullion from leaving the country—in which case the last state of the money market would be worse than the first—but a few questions arising out of the commercial aspect of the question are worth consideration.

The life of a five-pound note is a short one, it being cancelled directly it again reaches the Bank. If I withdraw a note from my banker, it will, if even deposited with the same banker within five minutes, be at once set aside to be paid into the Bank of England, and thus cancelled. Is it proposed that the one-pound note shall be similarly treated? If so, the present loss from wear and tear of bullion will not be a tithe of the cost of manufacturing the notes.

Should it, however, be intended to re-issue the notes, keeping them in constant circulation like coin, they will speedily accumulate dirt and grease, and it is to be asked who will often have to bear the loss of the finally tattered, greasy, and undecipherable note—worn to pieces in passing from hand to hand, and from lying crumpled in many pockets? From its short existence, there is practically no danger from the five-pound note; but in this proposed issue of a low denomination, circulated amongst a less particular class, the risk of communication of disease will be far greater than at present, for germs will cling more readily to a dirty piece of paper than to coin.

Mr. Goschen believes that the plan—for wages purposes—will be a convenience to large employers of labour; but he, apparently, does not know that large firms do not always pay their workpeople one by one and from hand to hand. Many houses pay wages by means of boxes, each man having his numbered box, into which the exact week's wages are rapidly placed, and are as rapidly emptied, and the contents counted by the workman. Instead of simply dropping in one or two sovereigns, the cashier would have to take up the note, see that he had only picked one off the pile (for notes will at times stick together), and stop to fold or crumple it before placing it in the box. The workman would have similarly to unfold it, if he did not stay a few moments more to examine its genuineness. This may not seem much in a single case, but will be of moment when repeated 500 or 1,000 times on each pay day; and it is no exaggeration to say that the present time occupied in paying wages would be nearly doubled. The work would, perhaps, be lightened for the cashier if he could always depend upon having a pile of new notes consecutively numbered, but here again the question of the cost of continuously issuing new notes presents itself.

Increased temptation to forgery will of necessity be given—readily detected, perhaps, in a new note, but not so easy when it becomes dirty and greasy. The "ring" of gold is hard for the coiner to imitate, but the imitation of paper and print would not be so difficult. The cost of a staff to register and check the notes as issued and returned will be no light thing to the taxpayer, to say nothing of a large detective staff; for as the bullion is, as a reserve, to remain idle, it is not to be expected that the Bank of England will be called upon to bear the expense. As in all great changes, some difficulties will be experienced in the labour market should the scheme become adopted by the country. The Government would have to deal with the Mint *employés* (few in number, perhaps); but what of the purse-making industry? Will the demand for pocket-books, to keep the notes in, be sufficient to compensate?

The above remarks apply with equal, if not greater, force to the proposed ten-shilling note. Though Mr. Goschen says he does not look upon bi-metallism as a practicable possibility, the proposition of a ten-shilling note against silver (instead of the gold half-sovereign) looks as though, if it be not he, some superior power in the Cabinet has become a convert to the theory. It is but a short time since that a project for a depreciated half-sovereign was quickly dropped, and, that being the case, it hardly seems probable that the country will tolerate the issue of a legal tender note against a metal still more depreciated. The half-hearted comments made at Leeds upon this portion of the scheme lead one to the conclusion that we shall hear but little more of it; or, if it be brought forward, it will only be to share the fate of its predecessor.

It may be true that notes for small amounts find favour in other countries—we all like what we have until we find something better! When times of doubt or panic arrive, which is then preferred—the notes or coin? Englishmen travelling abroad, after enjoying a coinage whose size and colour denote value, do not look with favour upon small paper money. For myself, I have often stood in disgusted doubt as to, and have wasted time to discover through its coat of dirt, whether I have received a five, three, two, or one-dollar bill—but I admit the chances were often in favour of its being a *one*. W. J. W.

"THE RELATION OF ART TO IMMORALITY."

SIR,—Mr. William Pierce, of Holly Park, Crouch Hill, N., is concerned (unduly, I fear) with my views about the relationship between art and morality. I have to congratulate him on his clear statement of my major premiss, "that art should find its subjects, without any restriction, over the whole range of human life." Certain masters have advanced that claim for art; nor should I, their mere disciple, deny my thanks to Mr. Pierce for his suggestion "as to the means whereby I may triumphantly assert my possession of the courage of my convictions." Let me quote Mr. Pierce's challenge. "I am informed," he says, "that certain cutaneous diseases, conventionally termed loathsome by the vulgar, display the most astonishing schemes of colour—far more gorgeous than the fungi of our moist woods—deep rich combinations, diaphanous and inimitable chromatic markings, prismatic shades fining off into those nameless tints revealed in the polarisation of light (I hope I am disguising well my squeamish stomach while writing of these gangrenes and ulcers, and what not); now, if a well-executed and realistic painting of these efforts of diseased human nature at high colouring were respectfully presented to your reviewer, would he hang it among the art treasures of his dining-room?"

Now, in the first place, I have to point out that a work of art must be something more than "well executed and realistic": else any good photograph or anatomical design may be considered a work of art. And, secondly, I have to hint (as gravely as can be) that a picture may possibly fulfil its true mission otherwise than by hanging in a dining-room, and adding zest to the mastication of meat. That this is not the sole aim of painting he may, I think, persuade himself by getting a foot-rule and measuring one of Raphael's cartoons. Let me assure Mr. Pierce, however, that his description of the wonderful colouring of his gangrenes and ulcers interests me deeply. I am sure that, could this colouring be interpreted on canvas by a true artist (and my only ground for doubting the possibility is Mr. Pierce's use of the word "inimitable"), I should have every reason for gratefully accepting the proposed gift, and (as far as house-room allowed) for hanging it with due respect to its merit and its aim. I, for one, cannot hold that beautiful colouring is "loathsome" because produced by a gangrene—being acquainted with the simple scientific truth that the loveliest phenomena in Nature derive their loveliness from previous decomposition.

Finally, let me attempt to return Mr. Pierce's kindness by begging that he will not vex himself overmuch with this subject. The cemeteries around his healthy suburb are piled with the bones of worthy citizens who found life all too short for understanding that art is not only for the dining-room, but, like the sun, may shine alike on the just and the unjust, and wake exquisite colours from the midden-heap as well as from the breast-pin of the honest man (who, as Mr. Pierce knows, is "the noblest work of God"). Why *should* Mr. Pierce be troubled? As he says, "Englishmen, at any rate, have an alternative in the art-gospel of John Ruskin." Let him rejoice, then, in the exercise of his birth-right, and be glad, as each successive spring comes round, over the notorious superiority of Burlington House to the Paris *Salon*.—I am, Sir, your faithful servant,

THE WRITER OF THE REVIEW.

THE FINE YOUNG ANTI-JACOBIN.

A SONG OF SUPERIORITY.

(Air—"*The Fine Old English Gentleman.*")

I'LL sing to you a fine new song all of a modern date,
Of a fine young Anti-Jacobin, sole saviour of the State,
Who keeps up the old bogies at the bountiful old rate,
As champions of our country and custodians of our fate,
Like a fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

His armoury is hung around, instead of bow and spear,
With ancient jeremiad, and archaic gibe and jeer.
For Partingtonian fussiness, combined with Partlet fear,
Are his—as heir of Canning and sworn follower of Frere,
This fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

He is caustic—so was Canning; Frere was clever—so is he,
But with all his super-smartness there are things he cannot see—
That Blue-Funk is raised by Bogies, which the foolish only flee,
That there's no sound inspiration in obstructive fiddle-de-dee
For a fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

He is sore afraid of numbers; thinks they always want to rob;
The few to him are sacrosanct, the many are—the Mob!
The classes do not plunder (they monopolise and job);
But if the masses muster, they've designs upon your fob,
Thinks this fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

He is vastly fond of freedom—for the few, the only fit,
Who are polished, and hold property, and have a pretty wit.
Freedom of combination suits the gentleman or cit,
But mere workmen, who start unions and make strikes? The deuce a bit!
Says this fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

Freedom of Contract's splendid, he's enamoured of it much;
Capital by this formula gets Labour in its clutch.
But test the formula itself by truth's Ithuriel touch?
By Jove, that's Jacobinical, and pestilent as such,
Swears this fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

Law and Order! *They're* the things to keep a fretful realm in awe.
Mustn't analyse the "Order;" mustn't look behind the "Law."
"Might as well expect a Lion who has once brought down his paw
Upon his victim's vertebræ to heed an Ass's jaw,"
Jeers this fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

Ah! he does indeed love Justice, has a passion for Fair Play.
Intolerance is the one thing wherewith he *can't* away.
But 'tis only found in "popular institutions" in our day;
The Jacobin's the enemy, 'gainst whom to fight and pray,
Vows the fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

So he raves against "the Radical" with vitriolic bile
Which often overflows the bounds, the vaunted bounds, of "style."
He mocks at maudlin sentiment, and gibes at "patriot" guile;
And credits all opponents with base aims and motives vile,
Does this fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time.

But most of all, malignantly and mannerlessly, he
Must revile the Demogorgon of the New Democracy!
Ah! here we hit the heart of it; for who will not agree
That modern Anti-Jacobin means—Anti-W. G.,
With the fine young Anti-Jacobin all of the modern time?

E. J. M.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

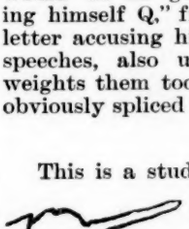
THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, February 6th, 1891.

EVERYONE has his hobby. "I have no hobby," you reply boastfully. Well, that is your hobby. My hobby, since the year when I was unseated on petition, has been the collection of Hands. Do you know what an album of Hands is? You do not, unless you have heard of mine, for it is unique. True, they are pictures I collect, but there the similarity between my collections and those of other persons interested in art ends. The sketches in my album are all taken from private letters. They are the hands the writer draws to point out his address, and all are the work of celebrities who have never exhibited elsewhere. There is nothing distinguished in having an original painting by an R.A., for scores of other persons have original paintings by him; but I possess probably the only sketches extant by Mr. Balfour, Mr. John Morley, Lord Randolph Churchill, and other eminent persons of the day.

To live in London is to be an artist. You must be able to draw a map showing the person you invite to your house how he is to get to it. Again, there are so many streets of the same name that you must also learn how to draw a hand—or at least an arrow—pointing to your full address. There are three William Streets in the W. district, and the hand warns you to come to William Street, *Kensington*. I have seventy-four of these hands in my collection, and sixteen arrows. The latter are not very interesting, and I need say little about them. Most of them seem to belong to the stone age, and they have a good deal in common. I am annoyed when I get an arrow instead of a hand; there is so much more character in the hands. However, all men cannot draw hands. Mr. Birrell, I notice, sticks to arrows, but he has no slavish attachment to one kind. As a rule, his barb is not at the end; he seems to have a partiality for an arrow with a twist in it. Fired with great force, the Birrell

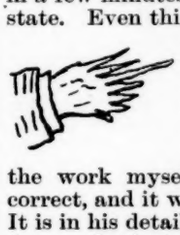
arrow (of which I give a sketch) would do terrible execution. It would not, perhaps, go in easily; but once in, there would be no getting it out. The "writer signing himself Q," from whom I had an answer to my letter accusing him of plagiarism from my election speeches, also uses arrows. On the whole, he weights them too much with feathers, and they are obviously spliced in the middle.

This is a study of the human hand, by Mr. John



Morley. It has a special interest to me, quite apart from its artistic excellence, as it is number one in my album. It points to the address to which I was told to send the articles with addressed envelopes for return. I used to have it in a neat frame with the artist's autograph beneath.

Of course, it should be remembered that these hands are merely the work of artistic amateurs. The great majority have probably been dashed off in a few minutes, and thus many are in an unfinished state. Even this hand by Mr. Wemyss Reid, though



carefully executed, has its faults when examined in a hypercritical spirit with a glass. It was part of his reply to my letter asking him to abandon his "Life of Lord Houghton," as I contemplated doing the work myself. The shading on the sleeve is correct, and it will be seen that the cuff is speckless. It is in his details that Mr. Reid is faulty. The seven fingers, for instance, are a technical mistake. Again, one does not, unless indeed when much preoccupied, point with all his fingers, nor is it easy to make one finger stand out so much further than the rest. As a design for a railing, however, the little sketch would be meritorious. Note, too, the delicate work showing the veins of the hand.

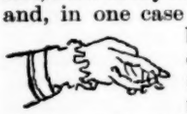
Though the variety of the hands is endless, a classification might be made. I have already given illustrations of what I call the Baton Hand and the Spike Hand. Another variety is the Dough and

Needle Hand. This, it will be seen, has the appearance of a lump of dough with a needle sticking in it. Artistically, its great want is shading and fingers. This is a favourite hand with professors, who may, however, be advised to return to arrows, at least for a time.

As I have mentioned arrows again, I may say a word about Mr. Lucy's sketches. He seems to me to err in not making up his mind whether it is to be an arrow or a hand. Having begun a hand, perhaps he loses confidence in himself; at all events,

it is usually, when completed, too like an arrow to be a hand, and too like a hand to be an arrow. It cannot be too frequently insisted that the student should first decide what he is to do, and then do it. No doubt arrows and hands are very like each other; still, there is a difference.

Most of the hands in my album are male, nor is this meant, I think, as a slight on the other sex. The female hand is excessively difficult to draw. Nevertheless, a few of my correspondents have made the attempt, and, in one case at least, with signal success. The



beautiful female hand here reproduced is the work of a young celebrity. Without giving his name, I may mention that he is among the most prominent of the younger Conservatives in the House of Commons. It was he who said lately that Home Rule was dished. To those behind the scenes this will be sufficient guide. He is the only one of all my artists who has put nails on the fingers. Observe that all the fingers, save the one pointing (and the thumb holding it up), droop elegantly. The pose of the hand is graceful in the extreme. The sleeve is suggested rather than given in full. The attention to the frilling shows the conscientious artist; perhaps, however, the sketch is a little laboured and self-conscious. This Member of Parliament was married three weeks after he sent his contribution to my album.

In regarding these studies in hands, the old question crops up of whether art should be for its own sake or should teach a lesson. Some to whom I have shown the album hold that art has nothing to do with morality. What they want is workmanship, and they refuse to give a single mark to noble aim. To them, I need not say, the album is deeply interesting, though they lose its moral. I have kept no record of their opinions; but, generally speaking, they seem to be most impressed by the hand given above, and, next to it, by the pen-and-ink sketches from Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Balfour. One of these gentlemen provides too few fingers and the other too many, but it is pleasant to note that they make ten between them.

Nevertheless, the true critic—the man who wants pictures to instruct him as well as to gratify his sense of the beautiful—will find more in my album than is revealed to the mere artist. My collection will turn him to other ways if he be a Gladstonian, and prove to him that he is on the right side if he is a Conservative. No one, it has been well said, can paint fine pictures unless he leads a noble life. Whoever doubts this fact is advised to consult my album. Its moral may be said to be, "No one can draw fine hands who is not politically pure." It is amazing to note how the Unionists are drawing better and better, while the Gladstonians, who could produce admirable hands until they went over to Home Rule, are now either all fingers or no fingers at all.

In Mr. Oscar Wilde's story, the hero's wickedness does not show on his face, but in the picture of him. Is it not so with the Gladstonian party? In their prints they talk of their virtue, without the paper on which they write turning pink. They insist on visiting at respectable houses, and even in Parliament they wear the air of gentlemen. But even as Mr. Wilde's hero had his portrait to tell tales, they have their hands in pen-and-ink, or rather, I have the hands. I can show them what hands they drew in the good old days, and what hands they draw now. Mr. Birrell need not think that he escapes with his arrows. They are becoming more and more like corkscrews.

I used to say I would never publish anything about my Album of Hands, lest other persons should begin collecting also. So many have looked through my album, however (and tried to steal it), that I think the publication of this causerie is the best means of preventing their plagiarising my idea. Celebrities, being now warned, will cease to draw hands, and my collection will remain unique.

ANON.

REVIEWS.

THREE VIEWS OF THE REFORMATION.

1. CHURCH AND STATE UNDER THE TUDORS. By Gilbert W. Child, M.A., Exeter College, Oxford. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890.
2. LECTURES AND PAPERS ON THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND AND ON THE CONTINENT. By the late Aubrey Lackington Moore, M.A., Honorary Canon of Christ Church, etc., etc. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.
3. THE DAWN OF THE ENGLISH REFORMATION: ITS FRIENDS AND FOES. By Henry Worsley, M.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1890.

THESE three books represent three very different views of the English Reformation: the Historical, the High Church, and the Low Church. Mr. Child is more concerned with the national and constitutional meaning and bearings of the event; Mr. Moore with the ecclesiastical; Mr. Worsley with the religious. Mr. Child's purpose and spirit are historical and scientific; Mr. Moore's polemical and apologetical; Mr. Worsley's edifying and admonitory. The first writes that he may understand and explain the constitutional changes, civil and ecclesiastical, worked by what was really a revolution; the second uses history that he may defend a thesis; the third that he may preach a sermon well spiced with illustrious persons. The first and second have the importance of books that represent opposite yet coherent views of the same event, though the one is the detached and dispassionate view of the judicial lay mind, while the other is the partial and polemical view of the convinced ecclesiastic. Mr. Worsley's view is also definite enough, but his book is too much a series of edifying biographies to call for more detailed notice.

Mr. Child sees in the Reformation the process by which forces working within the nation and through its representatives or heads made the Church national. Before, such a thing as a national Church could hardly be said to exist; it was then so much a part of a European system, so organised and worked in connection with it, that it is only by the most dexterous playing upon words and with facts that it is made to possess a national character. The terms "Catholic" and "National" as applied to the Church have one sense before the Reformation, and another and totally different sense after it; "Catholic" is not applicable after, or "National" before, save in a forced or non-natural sense. The change that withdrew it from the European system made it "National"; but in the very degree that it became this it ceased to be in the strict historical sense "Catholic." As Mr. Child says:—

> The term "National" in modern English ecclesiastical history has often the same meaning as non-National elsewhere. Could we call the civil government of any country national, if its highest Court of Appeal was foreign, its highest officers were often appointed by a foreign power, and always paid tribute to it, and if its highest native judge (Wolsey) when by indirect means he had succeeded in getting the final appeals mostly into his own hands, yet always gave his decisions avowedly as the delegate of a foreign potentate? Clearly if we use the word National to describe such a state of things, we use it in a sense not only differing from but contrary to its common acceptation. The result then is that we find that up to that time (Henry VIII.) there was not, and indeed could not be, a national Church in any intelligible sense of the words" (p. 261).

Now this view is as correct as it is coherent, and Mr. Child in putting it as plainly as he does performs a real historical service. The specific character of the English Reformation becomes intelligible when it is conceived as the process by which the Church was as it were nationalised; and the result is a doctrine

of continuity which is built upon the people, not simply upon ecclesiastical offices. The conditions that made the change possible, and the successive stages in it, are lucidly described by Mr. Child. There is a straightforward simplicity in his style, directness in his statements, and clearness in his judgments that can only be described as refreshing. There is no rhetoric in his book, only a sober matter-of-factness that makes it all the more serious and urgent. The constitutional changes came first, the doctrinal later, but the former were really the more important and determinative. In them the clergy were not the efficient factors, but the Crown and the State—the clergy, so far as they did act, acting not because they chose, but because they were obliged. The Church lost a foreign and obtained a national head, but the process was of its enduring rather than of its willing. The various factors in the situation, the condition of the clergy, and the estimate in which they were held, the personal character of the Tudor Sovereigns, the men they called into their councils, above all, the stream of tendency then fulfilling itself all over Western Europe, are here duly held in view, but at every point the conclusion is made to become more obvious. "From the time of Henry VIII.'s Acts of Supremacy and of Submission of the Clergy, the Church of England was, as its whole history shows, simply a department of the State" (p. 279). That theory is truest which is at once most in harmony with all the contemporary facts and best explains subsequent history; and this double test is the one Mr. Child's theory can stand. The process that made the Church national was the work of the nation; and whatever of polity, doctrine, tradition it may have retained from its older state does not in the least invalidate the fundamental fact, that the force which changed it and framed the laws that controlled it was the civil. The outer framework of the Church might stand, but its legislative basis was changed, its old independence was gone, and the King reigned in the Pope's stead.

Mr. Moore's book is of an altogether different character, and while we would welcome it as a memorial of a singularly gifted and genial man, we would yet regret that it is so little fitted to do justice to his memory. It is, with much that is excellent and beautiful and worthy of all praise, still a painful book to read and to review, for its author was a man of brilliant parts and so brave a spirit that continuous weakness and frequent suffering were allowed to cast no shadow over his native cheerfulness. He was cut off just as he was coming to maturity, and has left no adequate monument of his fine powers and varied culture. It was little wonder then that the men who so knew and loved him should wish to preserve all of his that could be saved from note-books and scattered MSS. But this devotion needs to be watched lest it do more harm than good. And here the editor has been too anxious to work in all his material to be wise in his use of it. His desire to withhold from the press nothing that could be printed has made him almost cruel to his friend. The book abounds in repetitions, in surveys and re-surveys of the ground, in skeletons and sketches for the class-room that break its unity and increase largely its bulk, without adding anything to its matter or its thought. The difference, too, between the careful and laboured writing of the papers prepared for the press, and the rash and prejudiced judgments thrown out in the heat of the class-room or the greater heat of hurried preparation for it, ought to have made the editor pause. He has succeeded in showing his friend, who was as sweet and bright as he was cultivated and thoughtful, as a partisan who came to history with the spirit of the sectary. Here is one of his judgments: "Presbyterianism" (he is speaking of Knox and the Scottish Reformation) "was now supreme. Scotland had cut herself off from the Church of Christ and joined the Church of Calvin" (p. 274). It would be exactly as true and exactly as false were a Catholic writer to say, "England separated herself from the Church of Christ and set up the Church of Henry VIII. and the Good Queen Bess." This is not history, but the mean and spiteful game of ecclesiastical polemics at which only the baser natures should be allowed to play. So he speaks of "the Puritans preparing to separate from the Church of Christ rather than wear the surplice and the college cap" (p. 271); and he forgets that we still have a "Vestiarian controversy" whose victims are not Puritans but martyrs for conscience' sake. He says, referring to the XLIV. Articles, "Our Articles, more influenced by Luther than Calvin, yet avoided all things Lutheran and not Catholic" (p. 207). Nothing could be less correct; the Articles are much more Calvinistic than Lutheran; they belong distinctly to the order of reformed confessions both in structure and contents, and are in their doctrine of the Sacraments more Zwinglian than the Scottish Confession of 1560. Here is another example typical of many:—

"The thirty-nine (articles) directed against—(i.) Papists, (ii.) Solifidians (Lutherans), (iii.) Zwinglians, Arians, etc., (iv.) Anabaptists, &c. Of these the Anabaptists were the logical descendants of Luther; the Arians of Zwingli and Calvin (2569)."

These things were good enough as notes or memoranda for a tutor lecturing with a sectarian purpose to credulous undergraduates; they surely are not worthy of being printed in a serious history of a serious event. And this printing of everything is accompanied by a corresponding carelessness in correcting what is printed. We have both Zwingl*i* and Zwingl*e*, Crumwell and Cromwell, Adrian and Hadrian, and Crotius for Crotus Rubianus. As a sample of the wearisome and meaningless repetitions which occur again and again, we may take this: On p. 371, "Charles, by the unexpected victory at Pavia (February 24th, 1525), was supreme in Europe;" and on the very next page the same thing stands thus: "By the unexpected victory of Pavia (February 24th, 1525), Charles became supreme in Europe." On p. 283 it is said: "Cartwright did not at once separate himself from the Church." We did not know that he ever did.

It would be most instructive, were it possible within our limits, to compare these two writers, especially as to their methods and conclusions. It is characteristic that Mr. Moore attempts indirectly to evade some of the consequences of Henry's legislation, which are most fatal to his theory as to the continuity of the Anglican Church, by introducing a distinction as to the civil and spiritual power. The distinction is—"Spiritual power is ultimately derived from the Divine commission given on the evening of the Resurrection and on the mountain Galilee. Civil power, while ultimately of course from God, resides, according to the form of government accepted, in the king or the people, or, in the case of an oligarchy, in a small number of individuals" (p. 148). It is curious how so clever a man should have thought that in writing these words he was drawing a distinction, or one that made for the eminence of the spiritual power. In each there is a divine source: the one comes from "a commission," the other "from God;" but while we are told where the civil "resides," nothing is said as to the residence of the spiritual. And this was precisely what was needed to bring out the insignificance of the distinction. And where does the "spiritual power" reside? According to Mr. Moore, in "an oligarchy," the representatives of the men who received the commission, and thus the *deus ex machina* by which he proposed to keep "spiritual power" alive in the world was simply an oligarchical succession. In striking contrast is the direct way in which Mr. Child goes to the heart of the matter. Grant, he says, that the Church of Henry remained "orthodox in doctrine and catholic in ideal,"—what then? That is "a matter of relatively small importance. They were the doctrines of the King, not of the Church, and were enforced upon the Church in England by the authority of the State alone. Convocation presided over by Cromwell, or Cromwell's lay deputy, could be in no sense a legitimate organ of the

Church" (p. 264). Nothing could be sharper than these antitheses; the very spiritual and catholic beliefs were defined and enforced by civil authority —were they, then, either "spiritual" or "catholic" any more? How can the fact of the royal legislation and the theory of "the divine commission" be reconciled?

But enough; it is easier to serve a cause by writing history than so to write history as to serve the truth. Yet the harder is infinitely the higher task, and it will be well for all of us when we feel that the sternest truth of history is better than the best apologetic we can compel from it in the interest of the systems we most love. For the rest we would prefer to think of Aubrey Moore not as he appears in class-room notes, which were never intended to see the light, but as he lived, kind, gentle, lovable as a man, yet true, courageous, and honourable as a son and defender of the Church he served.

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF CHARLES LAMB.

In the Footprints of Charles Lamb. By Benjamin Ellis Martin. Illustrated by Herbert Railton and John Fulleylove. With a Bibliography by E. D. North. London: Bentley & Son. 1891.

Mr. Martin loves the memory of Charles Lamb: but so does everybody, and he will get little praise on that account. He expresses this love occasionally in good English; but that, too, has been done before. His book claims distinction by its excellent bibliography (the work of Mr. Ernest D. North) and by the care with which Mr. Martin has followed Lamb's rovings and compiled what he terms a "topographical biography" of the man.

To be sure, such a "topographical biography" was no laborious task. The circuit of Lamb's rovings is a phenomenally narrow one. He lived his life in London or barely outside, and Mr. Martin admits that nearly every one of his successive homes has been "rescued from ruin and kept inviolate for our reverent regard." It might be expected therefore that Mr. Martin would do his pottering gently—nay, with an amiable cheerfulness. But, as a fact, he is very fierce indeed. His book might have been entitled "A Shrewd Blast against Builders," or "Heaven's Wrath asserted upon Street Improvement," or something of the sort. For it is full of the testiest *obiter dicta* we have happened on for many a day. There is a fling on the first page at the "callous contractor" who "shamelessly blazons his dreadful trade" on London hoardings. On p. 7, we are informed that "they have an unhallowed habit in London town of destroying just those buildings which I" (Benjamin Ellis Martin, U.S.A.) "should select to save." On p. 14, we find a complaint that the Temple grounds "have been extended riverwards by the construction of the Embankment; and the ancient historic blocks of buildings about them have been vulgarised into something new and fine." "Until lately," foams Mr. Martin, "in the year 1889, when the frenzy for Improvement and the rage for Rent wiped it out, I could have shown you a queer bit of cobble wall." Lamb lived for a while in lodgings at No. 45, Chapel Street, Pentonville, on the corner of Liverpool Road—a plain little wooden house: "now, there stands in its place a blazing brazen 'pub' quite in keeping with the squalid street. Its bar, like the favourite bar of Newman Noggs, 'faces both ways,' in a hopeless attempt to cope all around with the unquenchable thirst of that quarter!" Mr. Martin is angry that the very taverns which Lamb frequented should have undergone change. Over the "Salutation and Cat," in Newgate Street, we must anathematise because "the 'Cat' has vanished, and the 'Salutation' greets us as a slap-bang City eating-house and bar." "The Feathers," in Hand Court, Holborn, "a dirty, dingy, delightful tavern, as I have seen it," has gone to its own place, and "a modern something maddens me on its site." As for the inns near Enfield, the famous "Bell" at Edmonton (where Lamb took a parting glass with Wordsworth) is levelled, and "a vilely vulgar gin-palace rises in its place," while the "Golden Fleece" and the "Horse and Green," where Lamb did *not* take a parting glass with Wordsworth, are "all unchanged: in his odd irony the modern builder has left them untouched, because they have no historic memories!"

Now all this is a trifle irrational. Landlords do not pursue Rent with rage, nor Improvement with frenzy, quite: nor is it in human nature to run an obsolete tavern at a dead loss simply because a great man once ordered sixpennyworth of gin within its walls. Also Charles Lamb was a noble creature and a writer of noble English; but it seems—shall we say?—an excess of zeal for his memory to curse the Thames Embankment because it alters the view he used to gaze upon. It is clear that if we are to respect Mr. Martin's feelings we shall have to put our authors under surveillance, and forbid them to set foot in any but our noblest promenades, saying, "My good sir, if you once walk through such and such a slum, you will make the beautification of London impossible." Ventilation will be postponed *sine die* by an august glance, and drainage by a hallowed footfall. We have many a grievance, too, to urge against landlords before we accuse them of selfishness in craving the necessities of life, and so depriving Mr. Martin of the pleasure of showing us "a queer bit of cobble wall." London itself, we may urge, is, as yet, something more than a museum for citizens of the United States to potter about in.

Mr. Martin, indeed, scarcely emulates the charity of the man he admires. People said ill-natured things of Lamb now and then, as they will of any man, however sweet his character. One of the many differences between Lamb and his biographer is that Lamb bore no malice. Mr. Martin's resentment is almost ferocious. We hear of Coleridge's "rhetorical preachments and his melancholy, both born of rheumatism, rum, and opium"; of Hazlitt's "ingrained selfishness, his petulance, his tea-inspired turgidity"; Wordsworth is "solemnly weighted with the colossal conviction of his own mission and tireless in his tenacity to attest the truth thereof to all listeners"; Tom Moore is "tip-toe with toadyism": Macready is "portentous," and found fault with Lamb for standing in no awe of "superior persons on pasteboard pedestals," etc., etc.

All this is very aimless, rough-and-tumble abuse; and it becomes almost comic when uttered by an author who thinks he is honouring Lamb thereby—the least assuming, least jealous of men. But it is characteristic of the small mind to be incapable of worship without a sort of recoil, to be unable to appreciate greatness without belittling its surroundings. Mr. Martin is actually indignant (on p. 139) because one Gideon Rippon, of the Bank of England, dares to possess in Edmonton Churchyard a more pompous tombstone than Lamb. He says it is "typical of the relation borne by literature to Genteel Society in England. Its combined cohorts of The Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry do not know, and do not want to know, about the burial-place of their only Charles Lamb; but they do due reverence, with naïve and unconscious vulgarity, to the memory of the bank official who kept Books or handled Money." Really, this is funny. It suggests an historical picture—the combined cohorts ("cohorts" is good) of The Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry of England engaged in erecting a headstone to Gideon Rippon, of the Bank of England, because he had handled Money: painted by Mr. Martin, of the United States of America. But we may (with "due reverence") point out to Mr. Martin that The Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry of this island rarely combine in cohorts to do anything to anybody except Mr. Gladstone; that Gideon Rippon, who handled Money, probably left some; and that his widow probably thought it more seemly to put up a tombstone to Gideon Rippon with the legacy than

to Charles Lamb (who, after all, was not her husband); that there is such a place as Westminster Abbey, where literature has more honour than money-getting: that though Charles Lamb doubtless deserved more of his countrymen than did Gideon Rippon, the injustice would more reasonably have been righted during life, by putting Lamb inside a handsome building in Threadneedle Street and consigning Rippon—let us say—to "this dead, everlasting dead desk" at the India House; and, lastly, that if unable to understand why men of letters in this country earn smaller incomes than do gentlemen employed in the Bank of England, Mr. Martin might profitably ask the reason of his fellow-countryman, Mr. Wanamaker—who knows about it.

Mr. Martin is so full of sympathy; his ardour, though puzzle-headed, is so sincere; he follows in Lamb's footsteps with such fondness; he paints the manliness of his nature, the sublimity of his devotion, and the sorrows of his closing years so tenderly, that we reckon the faults that obscure his work as little less than calamitous. It is well printed and well illustrated. The bibliography will make its possession necessary to every thorough-going student of Lamb. But we almost wish that the bibliography could be published in separate form; for, as it stands, the book irritates.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Edited, with a Memoir, by Edmund Gosse. Two vols. London: Dent & Co. 1890.

This second complete edition of Beddoes' Poetical Works, which has been looked forward to with some little eagerness by the poet's few and ardent admirers, is disappointing for two reasons—first, that it contains few noticeable poems hitherto unpublished; second, that the present editor has lost a good opportunity of doing Beddoes justice. Mr. Gosse has not thought fit to alter his verdict delivered some little time ago in Ward's "English Poets." We are grateful to Mr. Gosse for the volumes before us, and assuredly it is not his fault that Kelsall, the first editor, performed his duties so lovingly and so thoroughly that he left little to be done by anyone who came after him. But the truth is that the popular attitude towards Beddoes needs reversing, and who should champion him if not his editor? Forty years have passed since Kelsall gave his friend's incomparable verse to the world, and evoked, in response to his generous praise, some mild interest, and several lukewarm criticisms. Nothing of importance, we believe, has been written on Beddoes from that day to this, and yet the editor of the only edition that has been called for since 1850 writes, after devoting four short pages to a rather negative criticism of his subject, "To say more in this place is needless. Those readers who are able to take pleasure in poetry so grim, austere, and abnormal, may safely be left to discover its specific charms for themselves." Is our editor too academical a critic to run counter to public opinion? We cannot say; but if Beddoes is to be enjoyed by twenty where one enjoys him now, a little more enthusiasm must be shown. To Mr. Gosse's obvious reply that he has criticised Beddoes according to his deserts, we repeat that with his negative criticism we have little fault to find. It is true that Beddoes belongs "to the tribe of scholar-poets, to the educated artists in verse," and was not "one of those born warblers whom neither poverty, nor want of training, nor ignorance, can restrain from tuneful utterance;" though why a Virgil's and a Milton's work comes necessarily "within a lower range," it would puzzle anybody's wits to determine. But with the praise allotted to the poet we cannot content ourselves. True, we find it written that Beddoes "was a poetical artist of consummate ability," that "several of his songs, artificial as they are, must always live and take a high place in the literature of artifice," that "he had great sense of verbal melody and a fastidious ear"; but all this implies that he was *a poet with a difference—i.e.*, a mere writer of poetry. Of what was *fundamentally* poetical in Beddoes his editor says not a word. What was the secret of his exquisite style, his more exquisite phrasing, his mastery of poetic imagery? Mr. Gosse does not say, and the reader, ignorant of Beddoes, is left to explain the mystery with that magic word, "artifice." This is not the place for an essay on Beddoes, but we will supply the word that we have looked for in the introduction in vain—*imagination*. An imagination more powerful and poetical than Beddoes' no poet has possessed since Shakespeare; and it is by this quality, which informed hundreds of lines for pure beauty unsurpassed even by Shakespeare, that Beddoes will be remembered. "At the feast of the Muses he appears," says Mr. Gosse, "bearing little except one small savoury dish, some cold preparation, we may say, of olives and anchovies, the strangeness of which has to make up for its lack of importance." If imagination is an anchovy, certainly Beddoes will be there; but if all those who bring "cold preparations," however "savoury," are admitted, the procession of poets will be of a most portentous length, and the edited will jostle with their editors, and be moved thereby to the utterance of sarcastic epigrams on the taste of the Olympians, and the dotage of Apollo.

We have said that there are two reasons why Beddoes' admirers will be disappointed with the present edition, and we add a third—that without the help of Beddoes' remarkable letters, printed by Kelsall, but omitted by Mr. Gosse, it is difficult to get, or convey, a satisfactory view of the poet's character. Thus the Beddoes of 1851—powerful, shrewd, and sarcastic—is replaced by the weak and shadowy Beddoes of 1890. This effect is no doubt partly aided by the curtailment of Phillip's reminiscences of Beddoes at the Charterhouse, and partly by the necessary prominence given to the facts now first published. By the decease of the last of the poet's near relatives, the editor has been enabled to tell the true story of Beddoes' death, and give the details, hitherto concealed. We now learn that Beddoes did not die through an accident, but poisoned himself with the drug kurara. The motive given is the sufficing one of growing misanthropy and general weariness of life. Mr. Gosse has added one or two interesting anecdotes, the most Beddoesian being that of the poet's grimly humorous attempt to set fire to Drury Lane Theatre with a five-pound note for a torch.

Of the nine poems now first printed, it may be said that while Mr. Gosse is unquestionably right in preserving them, Mr. Kelsall was not wrong in omitting them. The "Lines Written in an Album at Clifton" are the most interesting, as containing a shadowy confession by Beddoes of his limitations; the "Flowery Alchemist" is the prettiest, the "Sonnet to Zoë King" the finest, and "Lord Alcohol" the most remarkable; yet withal none of them will add to their author's reputation. The only important deviation from Kelsall's text that we have noticed adopted by Mr. Gosse as a better reading does not seem to us a happy one. Surely the last line of—

> "The honied froth about that serpent's tongue
> Deserves not so his habitation's name,
> As doth the cup that I shall serve to him,"

is a thousand times more poetical and effective than

> "As doth this liquor. That's the liquor for him."

It is also a question for the editorial ear why the fine sonnet beginning

> "As an almighty night doth pass away,"

that occurs in a letter to Kelsall, is omitted from the present edition. Does Mr. Gosse believe that anybody but Beddoes could have written it? Again, while we own to a curiosity to see "The Improvisatore,"

we cannot but feel that it is a pity for Beddoes' fame that it should have been reprinted; and when, as Kelsall tells us, the poet did his very best to suppress this "effort of eighteen," the question whether it was wise to gratify curiosity must, we think, be answered in the negative. Such points of literary morality will, of course, always remain very nice ones. We cannot, however, leave our editor in this way. All who love good poetry must thank him for the initiative which has given them these volumes; and those who do not know good poetry from bad, had better buy them and learn while the edition is still in the market.

"L'ENTRÉE EN CAMPAGNE."

L'Entrée en Campagne. Translated from the German of Lieutenant-Colonel Köttshau by Professor Ernest Jaegle. Paris: W. Hinrichsen.

THE title of this book suggests all that is implied under the barbarous modern word "mobilisation"; but Colonel Köttshau has written anything but a severe military treatise. The next war in which Germany engages will be fought "almost exclusively by soldiers formed and trained in time of peace." Among the "troops of the line," there will be scarcely "a single soldier having experience of war." Hence arises the necessity for studying the needs of the campaigner, and the conditions which render his life supportable. This evidently opens up a large field to the author, who commences by discussing the disturbing effects of mobilisation on the interior economy of peace organisations—that of the field artillery in particular—and ends by a disquisition upon beards.

The ideal of the armed nation, which Germany has so completely realised, is shown to be not without its military drawbacks. Time is inevitably lost in the reconversion of the citizen to the soldier; the many entanglements which civil life has cast about the reservist may not be wholly ignored; the married man cannot always be counted upon to go to the front with much enthusiasm. "Quand les hussards prennent femme," wrote Frederic the Great, "ils ne valent d'ordinaire plus grande chose." There are, after all, certain advantages in "les troupes de mercenaires qui n'ont aucune rapport avec la population." The unconscious assumption throughout this book that war is the one great end of mankind would be amusing but for its serious aspects.

Colonel Köttshau denies the truth of the assertion that Prussia is responsible for the increase of luxury among the German officers, which he believes to have arisen "du vertige qui s'empara de tous à la vue des cinq milliards." He condemns the superfluities which have found their way into mess establishments, and is specially severe in dealing with the "lieutenants who have married rich wives," and consequently exercise "a particularly injurious influence" upon the manner of life of their brother-officers. Evidently the peace of nearly twenty years has materially modified the Spartan ideal in the German army. In an interesting chapter, the author discusses the effect of race passions in determining the degree of bitterness and savagery with which wars are waged, and contrasts the campaigns of 1866 and 1870-1 from this point of view. The re-rendering of numerous wild utterances of the Parisian press before the last war must have been a somewhat unpleasant task to the translator. Colonel Köttshau holds out no hope of an eventual *rapprochement* between the two nations, and argues that the next Franco-German contest must be "*sombre, haineuse.*"

The wide diffusion of military habits and military knowledge which is created by universal service inevitably tends to promote the growth of *francs-tireurs* during war, and to turn the civil population into combatants on occasion. Even if not actively combatant, the instincts of the people, quickened by military training, may evidently be turned to account in various ways to the disadvantage of the invader. The author discusses this important question; but does not reach any more definite conclusion than that the whole treatment of the population of an occupied country must yield to military exigencies. "In reality, it is one of the most complicated questions, and when it has to be solved, your own interests will often force you to take violent measures which in your inner conscience you profoundly regret." Some sensible and practical remarks on the dress and equipment of the soldier close an eminently readable book.

ROYAL EDINBURGH.

Royal Edinburgh: her Saints, Kings, and Scholars. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan & Co.

"THE picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains." The famous standby of Goldsmith's incompetent critic may well recur to many readers of Mrs. Oliphant's latest volume; but in this case it will present itself to the better instructed as the last word of just and deliberate criticism.

"Royal Edinburgh" is, in truth, a disappointment. Of course it has great merits, for it is by Mrs. Oliphant, and Mrs. Oliphant touches nothing that she does not adorn. A mistress of her art, she has an excellent eye for the romantic and the picturesque, admirable powers of delineation, and she commands a style that leaves nothing to be desired. But in the present volume, if she cannot be said to have altogether wasted her talents, she has been less than fair to her material; and "Royal Edinburgh" is in effect as little a success as such a work by such an author could be.

To begin, Mrs. Oliphant is wonderfully uncritical. And though the fault is not—as it seems to us—a very grave one, especially when, as here, it is cast in the shade by another that must presently be dealt with, we must not let it quite escape our notice.

Mrs. Oliphant has chosen, of all authorities, to pin her faith to Pitscottie. Now Robert Lindsay (born *probably* in the early days of the sixteenth century) is readable, and in every sense accessible, but he is notoriously the "merest gossip," and the opposite of a serious historian. The Chronicles (which are ascribed to him on no certain authority) are rightly described by Robert Chambers as "the strangest compound of endless garrulity, simplicity, credulity, and graphic delineation, not the result of art or design, but of a total want of them." "His credulity, in particular," adds Chambers, "seems to have been boundless, and is remarkable, even for the credulous age in which he lived." This, then, is the authority on whom Mrs. Oliphant mainly depends for all her historical facts, from the accession of James I. to the Union of Crowns—which is the scope of Pitscottie's book. No wonder if she occasionally stumbles who chooses such a guide. And stumble she does! The more her readers happen to know of Scots history, the more they may have followed in the toilsome track of the severe and erudite Mr. Skene (from whom on such points to be turned is to fall), the more will they find "Royal Edinburgh" rich in mines of historical inaccuracy and doubtful authority.

The cases which might be cited in proof would suffice to congest the brief of any devil's advocate. But such glaring instances as Mrs. Oliphant's assumption, as an historical fact, of the ancient myth of the *Castrum Puellarum* in its most popular form, and her assignment of "Christis Kirk on the Grene" to James I., are sure to arrest the attention of the most moderately equipped.

To take the first of these, we find, as might Mrs. Oliphant, even in such a popular work as James Grant's "Old and New Edinburgh," a full account of the various myths in connection with the name. Camden says, "The Britons called it *Castel Mynedh Agnedh*, the Maidens' Tower, because certain of the

young maidens of the royal blood were kept there in old times." And the source of this, Mr. Grant points out, is "the assertion of Choncharbhranus, that an Irish saint named Monena . . . founded seven churches in Scotland, on the heights of Dun Edin, Dumbarton, and elsewhere." According to Chalmers, *Castrum puellarum* was its diplomatic, Edinburgh its vulgar, name. And Buchanan explains that the designation was borrowed from ancient French romances "devised within the space of three hundred years" from his time. The authorship of "Christis Kirk on the Grene" is absolutely unknown. Some have *thought* it was the work of James I.—and Sir Walter Scott among them; others that it was by James V.; while such a trustworthy historian as Hill Burton, mentioning the latter theory only to tear it up, without speaking of James I. in the connection, emphasises the impossibility of anything being known in the matter.

To turn to a matter of infinitely more consequence, the plan of the book is, we think, a wrong one. There are four parts—the first, a single chapter on Queen Margaret, the Patron Saint; the second, five chapters on the Stewart kings I.—V.; while the third deals with Queen Mary and Knox, and has a chapter on Buchanan. Of the fourth part—some eighty pages on "The Modern City"—two-thirds tell of Allan Ramsay and Sir Walter Scott, with whom the book very properly ends, and the rest is devoted to the brief visit of Burns.

The very names prove that, however interesting these personages may be, their main connection (Sir Walter, and Allan Ramsay excepted) is with Scotland, not with Edinburgh. Nor does Mrs. Oliphant make amends by treating of them (Burns excepted) simply in such residence as was theirs in Edinburgh. She follows them wherever they go, whether they lie (as Dunlop sang to James IV.) "in Strivilling in distress," or be bound for "Peblis to the Play," or beyond sea. She even expends space and some pretty writing in speculations on what such an one thought of some occurrence which did not take place; or how he would have felt if something had occurred which did not.

Surely what was wanted, what one had a right to expect, was a history of Edinburgh herself, with some account of the life of her citizens at various periods; the story how she bore herself under the tragic events which have made her name inferior to none in point of romantic interest; much more of the immortal actors whose names and deeds are indissolubly linked with "Scotia's Darling Seat," all engaged in their several parts; and the action going forward on that stage and on no other.

Instead, we get what amounts to a fairly inaccurate and slipshod, if brilliantly written, history of Scotland as a whole; and the author pursues her plan, and cares very little whether the scene be Edinburgh, or the actors of Edinburgh. It is vain to reckon up all the omissions; but one or two are prominent. What is one to think of the story of Edinburgh with the Young Pretender's court at Holy-Rood, and the ride of Claverhouse to the Rock, left out, and, above all, where we may not see the supreme heroic figure that is the brother-in-arms of General Gordon—the great Marquis of Montrose—or his companion picture "the gleyed Argyll"?

The name of Edinburgh is one to conjure up a hundred romantic pictures. Everywhere there was the best of material, of which the painter might have made joy for us; but there was no time for the pains.

It only remains to add that the accompanying illustrations, by Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., are things of wonder and beauty. They are beautiful representations of Edinburgh in its most striking and romantic aspects, jewelled street on street with lamp on lamp; sheathed in snow; or in volleying rain what time the Princes Street gardens are vext. But they have not any bearing on the text, and are therefore characteristic of "Royal Edinburgh."

THE MEXICANS.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE MEXICANS. By Fanny Chambers Gooch. With 200 illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co.

MRS. GOOCH indulges in a fine old-fashioned title-page, in which she sets forth what we may expect inside her book. In addition to the short title which we give, she tells us that her book deals with the "domestic life, educational, social, and business ways, statesmanship and literature, legendary and general history of the Mexican people, as seen and studied by an American woman during seven years of intercourse with them." Just so; and therein Mrs. Gooch's book differs from most other books on Mexico with which we are acquainted. The literature, in English and German, is voluminous enough; but it is mainly concerned with special districts—those around the capital, and those over which the wonderful remains of a past civilisation are so abundantly scattered. But there are large districts in the centre and north-west, including the peninsula of Lower California, about which precise and recent information is difficult to obtain. Even the new edition of Appleton's Guide, useful and comprehensive as it is, naturally deals mainly with railway routes; and the growth of railways in Mexico in recent years has been remarkable. The books of travel in Mexico which we have, deal only with those aspects of the country and people which can be seen during a short journey. Of course, in most of these books there are compilations of information which in its way is useful. Among others are the works of Ober, Brocklehurst, Conkling, Geiger, Griffin, and Ratzel, not to mention books of an earlier date. Mrs. Gooch also gives us a good deal of information gathered from various sources; but her own experiences have been exceptional, not so much in having seen more of the country than the average traveller, but in having been able to get more completely inside of Mexican life than any English writer we know of.

Mrs. Gooch, womanlike, does not indulge in the luxury of dates—at least, not in the edition of her book which has been issued on this side of the water. There is not even a date on the title-page, a practice which cannot be too strongly condemned, and one unworthy of any reputable publisher. We notice, however, that the book was copyrighted in the United States in 1887, and this, with references which occur in the text, would seem to indicate that part at least of Mrs. Gooch's residence in Mexico must have been in the eighties. We do not know in what capacity Mrs. Gooch's husband was quartered in Mexico, but it rendered it desirable for them to take up housekeeping in Saltillo, in Northern Mexico. As might be expected, this brought the lady into intimate relations with Mexican servants and Mexican tradesmen. She also made friends with her neighbours in the town and neighbourhood, and so was enabled practically to live the life of a Mexican. We have thus many curious and instructive details as to the character and ways of various classes of Mexicans. The servants especially, male and female, proved often very trying and very amusing. As was the case in Scotland, and even in some parts of England, not very long ago, and as is the case now in France and Southern Europe, and even in Germany, the relations between master and servant in Mexico are of a somewhat peculiar character. Mrs. Gooch at first naturally tried to have things in her household according to her own notions of comfort and cleanliness, which are those of a typical North American. She soon found, however, that she had reckoned without her servants. The curious thing is that the servants did not remonstrate much; they would suddenly go off to bury an aunt, or marry a cousin, or perform some other urgent duty. Indeed, *No es costumbre* is a great factor in Mexican life, as it is in all newly developed civilisations, and, indeed, we may say, as it is among a large section of the population of our own country. But Mrs. Gooch soon found how to fit in with her

neighbours and her servants, and many curious pictures she gives us of various phases of Mexican life.

She spent much time in the capital as well as in Saltillo, and made tours to different parts of the country. She was received into the innermost circle of Mexican society, and naturally has a good word to say about General Diaz and other magnates who treated her well. This intimacy gave her great advantages. Admirable descriptions she gives of the elaborate entertainments in vogue in the best Mexican society. In them there is a curious mixture of the elaborate social ceremonies of Spain and her profuse hospitality, with survivals of the ancient civilisations which Spain supplanted. Sketches, too, are given of the leading people whom Mrs. Gooch met in this way. Her description of the festival of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the patron saint of Mexico, whose shrine attracts on the 13th of December thousands of natives from all parts of Mexico, is as clear and impressive as a panorama; it is pervaded with the eerie spirit that hovers around the ruins of past greatness and the traditions of vanished gods. To the Indians there is much in the festival that assuredly survives from the worship of the olden time, and the wailing hymn chanted by this decaying people to their goddess is full of sadness. Equally impressive and equally enthusiastic is the devotion of the higher classes of Mexicans to the Guadalupe, whose festival is celebrated with great pomp. Yet, as is well known, the Church has no legal status in Mexico, and is officially hampered in as many ways as possible. She has long ago been deprived of her enormous wealth. Withal, the influence of the priest is very real, and in remote places especially, no one will accomplish much without his favour.

Mrs. Gooch compiles instructive chapters on Mexican history and Mexican literature. Portraits and sketches of the peasants are given, all with evident sympathy. Much of the book is devoted to the common people. There are chapters on music, on cookery, on the Aztecs; and altogether, with its many excellent illustrations, the book is to be commended to anyone desirous of knowing something of the inside of Mexican life.

In her concluding chapter, Mrs. Gooch takes a rosy view of the future of a country for which her sympathies are so warm. Certainly there has recently been much apparent progress. A network of railways is rapidly spreading over the land. European and especially British capital has been largely invested in mining and agricultural enterprises, though the laws and customs place many and various difficulties in the way. It must be remembered that Mexico is essentially a tropical country; that it must be developed by native labour; that the ruling classes are of Spanish race, which has never yet proved itself adapted, without the introduction of outside blood and energy and steadiness, to continuous political and constitutional development. Competition, national and commercial, is now becoming so pressing, and foreigners have now so large a stake in the country, that, after all, Mrs. Gooch's rosy views may be justified.

FICTION IN THREE SIZES.

1. George: a Story in Drab and Scarlet. By the Author of "Our Own Pompeii." Three Vols. London: David Stott. 1890.
2. Jack Warleigh: a Tale of the Turf and the Law. By Dalrymple J. Belgrave. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.
3. That Fiddler Fellow. By Horace G. Hutchinson. One Vol. London: Edward Arnold. 1891.

QUAKER life has been much in fiction and before the footlights of late. "George" deals not only with the Friends, but also, as might be conjectured from the second title, with soldiers, whom strict Friends regard with as much disapproval as they would the novel which speaks of themselves or the stage-play which represents them. It must have sometimes happened that a child endued with the warm artistic temperament was born into a strict and frigid family of this sect; and it is not only the author of "George" who has seen in such a circumstance the groundwork of a story. We may say at once that we have reason to think that if the author of "George" could have allowed himself less space and more trouble he would have done distinctly good work. As it is—although the story seems to cry aloud for condensation, and is remarkably unequal—there is enough in "George" to show that the author has some right to make a book for people to read. There is some good descriptive work, of a quiet kind, in the first volume. Mrs. Lovell is the best conceived character in the book: it is amazing that the author who has described her should ever have brought himself to use such dummies as, for instance, Edward Jenkins, or that he should have allowed a character to be called "Dog-Carter." The fiction of to-day is conventional enough and stupid enough—no reviewer who is grateful for regular work can fail to discover that. But there are a few bad tricks which are dead—absolutely dead. It is distressing to find one of them dragged out again by an author who is obviously not without originality. On the whole, the ordinary reader is not likely to be dissatisfied with "George," for it is better than the ordinary novel; but if its author is really anxious to do his best work, he will not be entirely pleased with it himself. He seems to be wanting in judgment rather than in invention, and judgment may be—at least, to a considerable extent—acquired. There is no kindness in high praise bestowed on a book in which the author has not reached his own limit.

It would be difficult to recommend "Jack Warleigh" without knowing precisely to whom we were recommending it. The articled clerk with sporting tendencies, who can sit through a melodrama and likes a string of stirring incidents in his book, would probably be best satisfied. It is a kind of story which we know well; it contains a heroine who is equally usual, and who generally—as in these pages—wears "the loose dress of some soft white material." The material is sometimes clinging, instead of being loose; but its wearer is almost as immutable as a natural law. The author approaches nearest to originality when he writes "Leges non scripta," but even then we fear that the originality has been purchased at too dear a price. The rest of the story is very conventional, although it is told with a certain amount of spirit. The hero dodges in and out of a title and property through the two volumes in much the usual fashion, the escapades of certain drunken welshers helping to fill up the book. As artistic work, "Jack Warleigh" cannot be praised, but we are equally sure that a very large class of readers exists who take pleasure in this kind of story.

Mr. Hutchinson has written a story of hypnotism, and in this respect he has only gone the way of all flesh. But he has too marked and too pleasing an individuality to be obscured entirely by the choice of a wearisome and hackneyed subject, or by deep reading in the International Scientific Series. He recognises the charm of variety. He seems to have entered the library without leaving the links, and to have mitigated medicine with music. The preface is particularly bright and amusing. As for the story itself, the man who plays golf is good, and the man who plays the violin is not so good—being, in fact, a murderer of a particularly ingenious type. It would not be fair to the story to give the method which the villain adopts. But the description of it is very forcible; the author has the right touch, the touch which can get a good deal of horror into a very few words. But, for all its merits, we wish—although we dare not hope—that this were the last of the hypnotic series. The surprise which the reader feels over the first of such books that he takes up is never repeated afterwards. Its place is taken by utter weariness.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

MR. DAVENPORT ADAMS yearns to smooth the "wrinkles from the brow of care," and to "dislodge the sneer" from the cynic lips, and so he has established the Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour, and called in the services of the redoubtable Mr. Andrew Lang. The only turf, so far as we are aware, which Mr. Lang frequents is that on which golf is played; nevertheless, there has not flourished in these latter days a more indefatigable book-maker. His pen flies so fast and his volumes multiply so swiftly, that he will soon require not a shelf but a bookcase to himself; but the amazing part of such deft-handed diligence is that, in spite of the quantity, the quality is so excellent. "Essays in Little" consists of sixteen characteristic deliverances, five of which are new, whilst the rest have appeared in various magazines and journals. Naturally, we turn first to the fresh papers in the volume, to learn what Mr. Lang has to say on the writings of Louis Stevenson and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. One characteristic of Mr. Stevenson's work which impresses Mr. Lang is his optimism, and another that buoyancy of spirit which suggests the "survival of the child" in him. Mr. Lang is inclined to think that "Kidnapped" is Mr. Stevenson's masterpiece, though he admits that if "The Master of Ballantrae" had been completely successful—which he thinks it is not—it would have ranked as its author's "Bride of Lammermoor." Mr. Kipling is probably not, Mr. Lang conjectures, a reader of "Gyp," yet "The Gadsbys" might easily be taken for the work of an Anglo-Indian disciple of the audacious French novelist, "trammelled by certain English conventions." It is not, however, in descriptions of men like "Gadsby," and his silly sentimental little bride, that Mr. Kipling's hand is at its best, but rather in pen-and-ink portraits of rough soldiers, like swaggering, boisterous, tender-hearted Terence Mulvaney, and his comrades of the rank and file. The faults of Mr. Kipling—his mannerisms, his proneness to slang, and the "too obtrusive knocking of the nail on the head"—are duly pointed out, though only by way of passing allusion. Mr. Lang's letter of advice to a young journalist is one of the best lay sermons of its kind which we have read for many a day. Its satire is not more conspicuous than its sense, and it would not be easy without full quotation to do justice to the grim irony which pervades it. Of other essays in the book we have not space to speak; it is enough to say that the reader will find genuine metal, and though at times it is beaten rather thin, it never fails, even in its most fragile conditions, to assume—thanks to Mr. Lang's cunning workmanship—artistic shapes.

Amongst books which appeal to a special class, no more useful series has appeared than "Cassell's Manuals for Students of Medicine." The object of these volumes is to keep the general busy practitioner thoroughly abreast of the most recent results achieved in medicine and surgery, and in each case they are written by men whose claim to speak with authority cannot be seriously challenged. The latest volume, "Hygiene and Public Health," possesses more than professional interest; indeed, all who are concerned with the solution of problems which relate to the social welfare of the people might study this book with advantage. Dr. Whitelegge, of Wakefield, is one of the best known medical officers of health in the country, and in the limited space at his disposal he discusses with unusual thoroughness every aspect of a subject which, in these days of overcrowded cities and towns, has become a question of urgent importance. We are glad to find that considerable space is devoted to the best methods of preventing the spread of infectious diseases, the etiology of specific diseases, and to the new light cast on both the pursuits and perils of the age by the science of vital statistics. It is notorious that in a great many localities very little advantage is taken by the local authorities of the power to enforce bye-laws and regulations adapted to the special needs of the neighbourhood. No doubt, in many cases, this arises more from ignorance than from apathy, and we therefore hope that this manual will quickly find its way, not merely into the hands of medical officers of health and sanitary inspectors, but also into those of public-spirited men who wish to turn their local influence to the best account by bringing about much-needed social reforms.

Mrs. Jopling—though she dedicates her little book, "Hints to Amateurs," to the Princess of Wales—is far too sensible to suppose that she has discovered any royal road to learning. Walter Savage Landor once declared that "poverty and wit use the same grindstone," and, however that may be, it is, at least, certain that success cannot be won either by professional or amateur students of art without steady patience and hard work. Unfortunately, as Mrs. Jopling does not fail to point out, the amateur is inclined to trust to what he airily calls his talent or gift to carry him over all difficulties, and no more ridiculous blunder could possibly be made. In these pages the word "amateur" is used in its original significance, "lover," and Mrs. Jopling thinks that Leonardo da Vinci was not far wrong when he estimated the talent for drawing of his pupils by seeking to gauge the strength of their perseverance. Mrs. Jopling contends that drawing and painting ought to form a part of every child's education, just as much as reading, writing, and arithmetic. No special gift she holds as necessary, and since drawing trains many of our faculties, notably memory and observation, it ought to have a permanent place in every scheme of education. Many useful hints for students in black and white, oil painting and water-colours, will be found in this handy volume, but perhaps the best chapter in the book is that on perspective, a difficult subject, but one which grows surprisingly clear in Mrs. Jopling's clever handling.

Surely we have heard enough, at all events for the present, of "Stanley's Rear-Guard," but that enterprising young gentleman, Mr. Herbert Ward, is apparently of an opposite opinion. Nearly every Englishman who has been more or less remotely concerned with the practical work of the Emin Relief Expedition has either written a book on the subject or appears to be meditating such a performance. We trust sincerely that the two brave soldiers, Captain Nelson and Lieutenant Stairs, who fought their way through the central forest at Stanley's side, will stay their hands and refrain from dabbling in printer's ink. They did splendid service, and as every book which now appears seems only written in order to cast fresh fuel on a painful and discreditable controversy, they can well afford to hold their peace. Mr. Ward gives a graphic picture of life at Yambuya, but we fail to find anything of much importance that is new or distinctive in his description of life at Barttelot's Camp. Barttelot, we are assured, was "full of good points," and Jameson was "always bright and pleasant"—a characteristic which apparently did not desert him when he was joking, at a later stage of his career, with Tippu Tib and Ali over cannibalism. Stanley has his faults, but no one who is acquainted with him will be inclined to credit him with the petty meanness which is laid to his charge in these pages. Mr. Ward states that he is at a loss to understand why the leader of the Relief Expedition has assailed him, unless it be for the following reasons. He thinks it possible that he may have wounded Stanley's *amour-propre* "beyond all forgiveness" because in an idle hour he made a caricature sketch of the hero in his "extraordinary African costume;" moreover, he more than hints that his own association and friendship with Jameson accounts for the manner in which he has fallen into the bad graces of his leader. This at best is puerile nonsense, and it perceptibly weakens the closing pages of a little book which, whilst not without literary merit, is quite superfluous when viewed as a contribution to our knowledge of the subject.

Under the rather appalling title of "The Pacific Coast Scenic Tour," Mr. Finck has put together a capital book of travel. He writes not merely with enthusiasm, but with the knowledge acquired during a residence of eleven years' duration in a part of the United States which is still comparatively untraversed, except by wandering huntsmen in search of game. The literature of travel and adventure, so far as California and Alaska are concerned, to say nothing of the Yellowstone Park and the Grand Cañon, is already tolerably abundant; but few people are acquainted, even by hearsay, with the grand and picturesque scenery which is to be found along the lonely shores of Oregon and Washington. Mr. Finck believes that these States have a great future before them, and he draws a most attractive picture of their industrial resources as well as their "scenic" and "climatic" attractions. There is a happy absence of guide-book jargon in Mr. Finck's pleasant and unconventional narrative, and the charm of the volume is considerably enhanced by a number of admirable photographic illustrations.

*ESSAYS IN LITTLE. By Andrew Lang. "The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour." Edited by W. H. Davenport Adams. Portrait. Henry & Co., Bouverie Street, E.C. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

HYGIENE AND PUBLIC HEALTH. By B. A. Whitelegge, M.D. Illustrated. London, Paris and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Limited. 12 mo. (7s. 6d.)

HINTS TO AMATEURS: A HANDBOOK ON ART. By Louise Jopling. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. Crown 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

MY LIFE WITH STANLEY'S REAR-GUARD. By Herbert Ward. Author of "Five Years With the Congo Cannibals," etc. Map. London: Chatto & Windus. Small 8vo. (1s. 6d.)

THE PACIFIC COAST SCENIC TOUR. By Henry T. Finck. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Limited. Crown 8vo. (10s. 6d.)

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE week has been an eventful one in English politics. It has witnessed the close of the conferences at Boulogne, by means of which MR. O'BRIEN and MR. DILLON hoped to reunite the Irish party; it has seen the arrest of these gentlemen on their return to England, in order that they may undergo the sentence of six months' imprisonment passed upon them by two removable police magistrates; and it has given us another proof of the unbroken strength of the Liberal Party in Great Britain, through the return of a Liberal as MR. BRADLAUGH'S successor at Northampton by the magnificent majority of 1,713 votes. In many respects this last event is the most important of the three, inasmuch as it bears testimony to the fact that no recent events connected with MR. PARNELL'S downfall have affected the position of parties in this country. The Liberals of England, it is clear, do not mean to waver in their attachment to their old leaders and their old cause merely because a single Irish member has disappointed their expectations. The wild hopes entertained by the supporters of the Ministry at the time of the Parnellite disruption have received another blow, even more crushing than that given at Hartlepool.

ON another page we give a simple account of the negotiations at Boulogne, and the cause of their rupture. Our statement brings out certain facts which are not made apparent in the accounts published with the authority of MESSRS. DILLON, O'BRIEN, MCCARTHY, and PARNELL. We show, in the first place, that the two members who are now imprisoned, under a most iniquitous sentence, passed by a tribunal whose competency has again and again been denied, have never since the great breach in the Irish party occurred wavered in their determination not again to serve under MR. PARNELL. We show further that MR. PARNELL induced MESSRS. DILLON and O'BRIEN to enter into their negotiations with him by professing to accept his own deposition as a *fait-accompli*. Finally, we are able to state the point on which MR. PARNELL broke off his negotiations with his colleagues at the moment when success seemed about to attend them. He professed to believe that the statement made by the Liberal leaders on the question of the Irish police was an inadequate one, and refused to retire unless MR. MCCARTHY could secure its amendment by the insertion of words which everybody, including MR. PARNELL himself, knew to be ridiculous and meaningless. The member for Cork had clearly been watching all through for an opportunity of throwing the blame for his own course of action upon others. But this usual astuteness seems to have failed him in the end, and he has had to fall back upon a pretext the farcical character of which is apparent to everybody.

THE situation to-day may be summed up as follows:—MESSRS. DILLON and O'BRIEN have gone to prison under a sentence of monstrous injustice, but ere going they have finally repudiated the leadership of MR. PARNELL. The Irish members have recognised the fact that the Liberal leaders have dealt with them in complete loyalty and good faith; and they also have broken loose from the man who has brought so much misfortune on their cause. As for MR. PARNELL, though he will continue to assert that he simply remains in the field—doing the work of MR. BALFOUR and Dublin Castle—becanse he has no faith in the genuineness of MR. GLADSTONE'S devotion to Home Rule, he is already learning that his power has passed away. The flimsiness of the pretext on which he broke off the negotiations at Boulogne has only to be made known in order to expose the hypocrisy of his pretensions; whilst both in Ireland and the United States his popularity and authority are every day diminishing. In Great Britain the Liberal leaders and the Liberal party remain true to the cause to which they have committed themselves. Upon the whole, the prospects of Home Rule are more hopeful now than they have been at any period since last November.

IT was amusing at the beginning of the week to witness the virtuous indignation of the Ministerial journals because the Liberal leaders were indisposed to bring forward MR. MORLEY'S resolution on the question of the police outrages in Tipperary on the night fixed for the debate last Thursday. The Liberal leaders, it need hardly be said, knew their own business, and were not so foolish as to desire to raise a discussion on a question gravely affecting Ireland on the very night on which the Irish members had been summoned to meet to discuss the subject of their leadership. It is difficult to understand the frame of mind of those who blame them for not disregarding every consideration of Parliamentary expediency, but the fact that their wish to postpone the debate on MR. MORLEY'S resolution should have been made a grave cause of complaint by their opponents affords the best proof of the extremity to which the latter have been reduced. The debate will duly take place on Monday, and it will be surprising if the fact that MESSRS. O'BRIEN and DILLON are now in prison does not add life and interest to it.

AN announcement in the *Times* on Tuesday gave to the world at large what had long been an open secret to the initiated. The Cabinet, we are informed—the Cabinet of which LORD SALISBURY is the chief, be it remarked—have had under their serious consideration the question of stating without delay the legislative proposals which they are prepared to make; and a certain section of their followers are desirous that the Government "should be first in the field with a programme which will satisfy the reasonable desires of the workmen." Dishing the Whigs, it is evident, is now too mild an occupation for the Tory party, especially since so many Whigs have been received into the Tory fold, and the more exciting occupation of dishing the Socialists is to be tried. It is an amusement which is not without its perils, as LORD SALISBURY and his friends will presently discover; but, in the meantime, it is edifying to reflect upon the fact that the men who are now showing themselves so anxious to catch the workman's vote are the men who organised the brutal suppression of the right of public meeting in Trafalgar Square, and who more recently have sustained that bad Law of Conspiracy which equally oppresses Irish Nationalists and English workingmen.

MR. SYDNEY BUXTON has, we are glad to see, drafted by far the most important amendment of the Factory and Workshop Act of 1878 which has yet appeared. His very carefully-drawn Bill of fifty-five clauses has the further merit of including the domestic industries under which the entire sweating system proper has grown up, and of extending to all classes of working women and young persons and children the entirely partial and arbitrary protection which the principal Act affords them. The Bill is far too comprehensive to summarise in a paragraph, but its main lines are as follows. It extends the *sanitary* provisions of the Factory Act to all factories, workshops, and domestic workshops, including those in which men and women only are employed; equalises the hours of labour and meal-times allotted to women both in factories and all classes of workshops, abolishes the bad system of alternate workdays for children, and substitutes the half-time system pure and simple, and raises the age of employment for hire from ten to twelve—another admirable and much-needed reform. It materially reduces the period of overtime allowed by the principal Act on account of severe pressure work in the case of women and young persons, and provides for an annual return of all such instances of special employment.

THAT portion of the Bill which excites most popular interest is that which deals with the sweating system. A domestic workshop is defined as a place where three or more persons, whether related or no, do manual work for hire. These establishments, as we explained, are placed under all the sanitary provisions of the Act of 1878, and the owner is made responsible, concurrently with the occupier, for their condition, and also for their registration. Another vital point is that the giver-out of work for home labour will be compelled to keep a registry of the name and address of all the persons who labour for him, and he will also be responsible for the sanitary state of the premises where the work is done. The object of this perhaps is not so much direct punishment of any one class of offenders, as to give the balance of advantage to the manufacturer who is minded to abolish home workshops altogether. Mr. BUXTON'S measure is a thoroughly conscientious, and not at all too ambitious, piece of bill-making, and we should be satisfied to see it pass mainly as it stands.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S manifesto to the Canadian people is a characteristic document. It is an ingenious utterance, worthy of SIR JOHN'S best electioneering craft. The veteran statesman makes a bold stand for the old flag, and has gone out of his way to raise the issue of annexation. He overestimates the danger. There is no demand in the United States for Canada, and there is only an insignificant movement in the Dominion in favour of annexation. The Canadian Liberals demand absolute freedom of commerce—unrestricted reciprocity with the United States—and we believe that in promoting the commercial prosperity of Canada they are taking the best course to prolong its present political position. We would certainly object to Canada joining the United States commercially in order to boycott this country, and it is on this question that SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S address is most likely to tell.

IMPERIALIST as he is, SIR JOHN has himself pursued an anti-British policy commercially. When he first proposed his high tariff, he was told that it would endanger the British connection, and he is reported to have replied, "So much the worse for the British connection." And at this moment his Government discriminates against this country. In 1889 the average duty collected on imports from Great Britain was 29·33 per cent., while the average duty on American imports was 25·43 per cent. During the period from 1879 to 1889, when SIR JOHN has been developing the resources of Canada, the trade per head has fallen, the public debt has increased by 66 per cent. (it is now 237,533,000 dols.), and the annual expenditure has risen 50 per cent. No wonder that SIR JOHN should change his policy. He is an astute wire-puller, a shrewd election agent, and as he is still a great personality in Canada, it is probable that he will win this election. With the exception of five years, he has been in power ever since the Confederation in 1876.

THE Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount on Thursday, but up to the previous evening they had repaid to the Bank of France two out of the three millions borrowed from it three months ago. As the debt falls due to-day the remaining million was to be sent immediately. It is believed in the money market also that the Bank is borrowing for the purpose of making money more scarce. As yet, however, the action of the Bank has had little effect. At the beginning of the week the three months Treasury bills offered for tender were taken at a little over $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. At the Stock Exchange fortnightly settlement, which began on Monday, Stock Exchange borrowers obtained accommodation at from $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; and in the open market the rate of discount is barely 2 per cent. It looks, therefore, as if gold would continue to be sent abroad, that gradually, in consequence, the stock held by the Bank of England would dwindle away, and that at the beginning of the autumn the market would be in as unsatisfactory a state as it has been in recent years. There is no speculation either in securities or commodities; there is very little fresh enterprise of any kind, and consequently the demand for money is exceptionally small, while the supply is unusually large, owing to the efforts made by all the banks last November to increase their funds. The price of silver on Saturday last fell to 46d. per ounce, rose on Monday to $46\frac{1}{2}$d., and fell again on Wednesday to $46\frac{1}{4}$d. per ounce. The general belief is that no Silver Bill will pass Congress this year, as the Committee of the House of Representatives, to which the matter has been referred, seems unwilling to make a report, and the effort to force it to do so has so far failed. In consequence of the weakness of the silver market, silver securities generally have declined.

STOCK brokers complain that business is very inactive, more so than it has been for years past. It has been gradually shrinking in amount ever since November, until practically now all speculation has stopped except in the market for gold shares and for Peruvian securities. On the other hand, there is a fair amount of investment business going on, and Home Railway stocks are very firm. Investors are confining their purchases to those stocks, to Consols and Colonial bonds. Foreign Government bonds are too high, and American securities, both north and south, have fallen into discredit. The uncertainty in the silver market has checked all speculation in Indian rupee paper, and other silver securities. But it looks as if public interest in gold shares was rapidly reviving, and as if an attempt would soon be made to get up a large speculation in them. The public will do well to remember that mining is an unexceptionally precarious industry. No doubt it is true that the South African goldfields are rich, and that some of the Indian mines are also giving satisfactory returns, but the ordinary investor would do well not to risk much in such enterprises. The suspension of the negotiations for the repurchase by the Argentine Government of the Buenos Ayres water-works has caused Argentine securities generally to decline, yet the market has not fallen as much as might have been expected from the unsatisfactory condition not only of this but of most South American States.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SITUATION.

NOW that the Boulogne "Conferences" are at an end, and that Mr. Parnell has broken off all relationships with the Home Rule party, it is desirable that the Liberals of Great Britain should be put in possession of a clear and authoritative statement of the course of events since Mr. O'Brien's landing at Boulogne. We have, of course, already had statements from Mr. O'Brien himself, from Mr. Dillon, and from Mr. Justin McCarthy. With none of these statements have we any fault to find; but English and Scotch Liberals have a right to expect that the case should also be put from the point of view of those English politicians who have been in the most intimate relations with the Irish Nationalist party, and this we propose to do.

It is a very simple story which we have to tell, and it begins with one fact that will probably surprise our readers. Some weeks ago we stated in THE SPEAKER that Mr. Parnell "knew that his continued leadership was absolutely hopeless," and we expressed our belief that, in consequence, the Boulogne negotiations would have a satisfactory issue. Our hopes have been disappointed in the latter respect, but at all events they were founded upon a fact. When Mr. Parnell opened his conferences with Mr. O'Brien, he based them upon the *fait accompli* of his own removal from the leadership of the Irish Party. He *professed* to have retired from that position; he never hinted at the possibility of his return to it; his sole anxiety seemed to be to secure the appointment of Mr. Dillon instead of Mr. McCarthy as his successor, and the procuring from the Liberal leaders of satisfactory pledges as to the character of their Home Rule proposals. It was, therefore, in perfect good faith that Mr. O'Brien began the long series of conferences which have ended abortively. From the first, he and Mr. Dillon knew that Mr. Parnell's continuance in the leadership was impossible if the Home Rule cause were not to be sacrificed. So far as they knew, Mr. Parnell agreed with them on this point. All, therefore, that these two honest men have been trying to do during the past two months has been to make an arrangement which would give the new leader of the Irish party the full support of all sections of that party. In this effort they have been foiled by one man, and one man only. Mr. Parnell has from the first been resolved that they should not succeed; and when, time after time, success has been on the point of being attained, he has interposed and raised new difficulties, until at last, after the forbearance of the other side had been strained to the uttermost, he has succeeded in finally wrecking those negotiations which, from first to last, had been in his own case nothing more than a sham.

By "the other side" we mean the Liberal leaders, for it would be useless to disguise the fact that they have been striving to restore to the Irish Party the unity which was destroyed by the revelations of the Divorce Court. With Mr. Parnell himself no Liberal statesman has entered into any relations since the verdict of the Divorce Court was returned. Mr. Gladstone's letter, couched in language of which Mr. Parnell cannot pretend to complain, has been adhered to from first to last. So far as the member for Cork is concerned, since the writing of that letter he has been recognised by no leading member of the Liberal party. But from the first Mr. Gladstone expressed his readiness to confer with the authorised representatives of the Irish Party on any questions affecting the great issue which, ever since the dissolution of 1886, has been foremost in the eyes of the nation. Accordingly, during the past six weeks, communications of a very frank nature have passed between the Liberal leaders on the one side, and Mr. Justin McCarthy on the other. These negotiations involve no secrets. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have been resolute in their determination that there should be no concealment from their own party, or indeed from their opponents, of any engagements or explanations into which they entered, and there is no real reason why every document that has passed between them, every word that has been spoken on either side, should not be made known.

Two points in the Home Rule scheme have specially engaged the attention of the negotiators. These are the Police and the Land Question. So far as the latter question is concerned, the Liberal leaders have agreed to a principle which all their followers will accept. That is, that if the Imperial Parliament fails to deal with the Irish Land Question either before Home Rule is passed or within a limited period after, it cannot have the right to prevent the Irish Parliament from dealing with the question. This declaration satisfied Mr. McCarthy and the Nationalists generally; it satisfied Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon, and they had every reason to believe that it satisfied Mr. Parnell. The question of the Police is one on which there never ought to have been any difficulties, and yet it is upon this question that the negotiations have fallen through. In his speech in introducing the Home Rule Bill in 1886, Mr. Gladstone made the general principles on which he was prepared to deal with the police abundantly clear. They were set forth, perhaps still more succinctly, by Mr. Morley in his speech at Newcastle last month. Briefly stated, the conviction of the Liberal leaders is that, if Ireland is to be trusted at all, she must be trusted with the management of her own police force. A time of transition there must be—as a matter of course. But when this limited time has elapsed, the control of the Irish police would, under Mr. Gladstone's scheme, be in the hands of the Irish Government. The clause in which this proposition was set forth was verbally amended, at the request of the Irish members, and it was then accepted as satisfactory. But at the last moment, when the day for Mr. McCarthy's statement was at hand, and the close of the protracted negotiations seemed to have been reached, a new demand was sent forth from Boulogne, where Mr. Parnell had just been paying another visit to his colleagues. This demand seemed a slight one in itself; but it involved a flagrant absurdity. The Liberal leaders were asked to give a mandatory character to the clause respecting the police, in view of the possibility of a Conservative Lord Lieutenant being appointed hereafter. It was in vain that they pointed out that a Conservative Lord Lieutenant necessarily implied the existence of a Conservative majority in the House of Commons, and that neither they nor any other body of men could pretend to over-rule the decisions of the majority of an Imperial Parliament which does not yet exist. Mr. Parnell had found his opportunity. What passed between him and Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon we do not pretend to know. All that is clear is that, failing to secure the acquiescence of the English Liberals in the demands set forth on this small point, he seized upon it as a pretext to put an end to his own negotiations with the party of which he was lately the leader.

Of course, if it had not been upon this point, it would have been upon another. For Mr. Parnell has shown no skill or cleverness in the manner in which he has played his game. It has been a reckless and daring personal game from the first, and

nothing but the almost excessive patience and forbearance of his Irish colleagues has enabled him to carry it on so long. Hoodwinking them in the first instance with the pretence that he was resigned to his own deposition, he has looked about eagerly for an opportunity of making it appear that his refusal to retire was due to his desire to secure certain things necessary for the future welfare of his country. Yet so clumsily has he managed his part of the business that in the end he has no better justification to show than this ridiculous demand that the Liberal leaders should agree to a form of words which would be absolutely meaningless and valueless.

These are the plain facts, and for the present we leave them to the judgment of our readers. That Mr. Parnell would gladly destroy Home Rule rather than allow anyone else to succeed in establishing it, must be evident to everybody. But we incline to the belief that he has over-rated his powers in this direction. Grave damage he may inflict upon the cause, but destroy it he cannot. His following is waning in Ireland. He would have no chance of being again returned in any Cork constituency. If there were to be a General Election he would not bring back with him to the House of Commons more than six or eight followers. The Irish people have learned to distinguish between their late leader and their country. With pain and bitterness they have learned that lesson; but they will not fail to profit by it. As for the Liberals of Great Britain, they remain true to a real Home Rule—a Home Rule safe and honourable for this country as well as for Ireland—and to the leaders in whom their trust remains unshaken.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

LONDON Society has been occupied for several weeks past with rumours, more or less definite, of a grave scandal in one of its most conspicuous circles. The unsavoury story has been known to everybody who is in "the right set" ever since last Christmas. It has been hinted at with judicious vagueness for a week or two past in the press, and within the last few days it has become public property. An action for slander has, we are told, been commenced by a well-known baronet against certain men and women who are also well known in their own circle in society. There is no mystery as to the nature of the slander for which the injured person seeks redress. Last September he and the other parties to the suit, as well as one or two other men and women of high rank, were staying at the country house of one of their number. It was the Doncaster week, and the house was in Yorkshire; needless to say, therefore, that the party was distinctly one of pleasure. But in Yorkshire, country houses, though always full of life and merriment during the carnival week of the north, have not hitherto attracted the attention of the world by proceedings like those which have given rise to the present scandal. These proceedings can be described in a sentence. After a day's sport at Doncaster, the party staying at this particular house devoted themselves to a long evening at baccarat. We know nothing of the stakes played for, of the sums of money lost or won; but it is clear that gambling was freely indulged in. Nor was this all. If the story now current is to be believed, the plaintiff in the action for slander was suspected of having cheated his fellow-gamblers, was closely watched, was then openly accused of foul play, and was compelled to give a promise that he would never again touch a card. In return for this promise, the persons staying in the house bound themselves to keep the whole affair absolutely secret. Such is the outline of the story. It may or may not be true. Two things only are clear. The secret which these men and women promised on their honour to preserve has not been kept, and the person against whom the disgraceful charge was brought is now resorting to a court of law in order to establish his innocence.

Everybody will hope that the plaintiff may be successful in his attempt to remove the stigma which apparently now rests upon his name. The question of his guilt or innocence cannot be discussed in the press, and we therefore have nothing more to say of the case as it affects him personally. But, incidentally, the story which has just become public property throws a strange side-light upon one of the features of English social life. A few weeks ago Mr. Labouchere published in *Truth* a letter denouncing the high play, which, according to the writer, was carried on in many country houses. It would seem that his statements on the subject were hardly exaggerated. There are country houses, it appears, where a select and distinguished party of guests can find no better means of passing the time after dinner than by resorting to these games of chance, which have hitherto had their homes in city "hells" rather than in those pleasant rural mansions which have long been the special pride of England. If this be so, it is a lamentable and a disgraceful fact. Rotten indeed must be the society which cannot, even for a few weeks in the year, live contented in the absence of the fierce excitement of the gaming-table. Rank, too, must be the national hypocrisy which takes credit for the abolition of the old gaming hells of St. James's Street and Pall Mall, whilst winking at the setting-up of baccarat in any country house in which the members of a certain set in society happen to find themselves. It would be a waste of words to dwell upon these facts. Everyone who reads these lines can point the moral of a story like this for himself.

But there is one feature of the tale that has now reached the newspapers, and through the newspapers been spread throughout the world, which cannot be passed over in silence. It is deplorable to think that one of the most illustrious names in England should have been mixed up in the unsavoury tittle-tattle which is now current regarding the Doncaster house-party of Mrs. Arthur Wilson last September. The Prince of Wales has many admirable qualities, and he has shown an assiduity in discharging the social and ceremonial duties of his exalted station which entitles him to the national respect and gratitude. He has had his own conception of the duties of an Heir Apparent. It may not have been the conception which finds favour with everybody; but at least it has been an honest one, founded upon a real desire to serve his country, and, such as it is, he has lived up to it successfully for nearly thirty years. No one can be so fully conscious as he must be of the fact that the association of his name, however remotely and however innocently, with tales like those which are now appearing in the press, is nothing less than a grave misfortune both for the Crown and for the country. That his own best friends are pained to think that any one should have the right to mention him in association with an action like that which Sir William Gordon Cumming has just commenced, need not be said. But it must be said that the best friends of the monarchy in this country are no less sorely pained. We live in times of change. On the continent of Europe we see the flood of democracy rising ever higher and higher, and it is against the monarchical principle that in many lands it is first

directed. It is otherwise, happily, with us. The wisdom of our ancestors, who planted the foundation of the throne "broad-based upon a people's will," and the dignity, self-command, and entire devotion to public duty which for more than fifty years have characterised the wearer of the Crown, have made the monarchy in England secure even in face of the advance of the democratic wave. But its security depends in the future upon the maintenance of the conditions which now surround it. It must safeguard its own dignity if it is to enjoy the respect and confidence of the world. No one can be more fully assured of this fact than the Prince of Wales himself. He has shown his consciousness of it by many acts, worthy of his name and position, which all good men have applauded. Englishmen look to him now with confidence to take similar action in face of unpleasant events which must have distressed him as much as they have displeased other people. They expect him not only to give no countenance to such forms of social amusement as those which are apparently popular in some sets in society with which he is closely connected, but rigorously and absolutely to discourage them. His great place entails great duties, and it may even be great sacrifices, upon him. We do not believe that he will be found wanting; but of one thing he may rest assured, that nothing can more seriously injure him in the eyes of the country than the suspicion, however ill-founded it may be, that he has any part with those whose too-abundant leisure and ample wealth seem to be expended in the pursuit of amusements universally recognised as demoralising both to the individual who practises and the community which countenances them.

THE OLD AND NEW RADICALS.

POLITICAL parties do not die suddenly or in a day. No passing bell reminds us that the spirit which animated them has departed, the ideas which they represented have become outworn; and we shall not be able to name the exact time when the Radicals of the Old School become extinct. But it is not far off. For fully forty years they have done good work in the State. But they will not do much more. Other hands must complete what they began. No party in English history has a better record. The fathers of Radicalism of the older type were Bentham, Grote, the two Mills—we do not name Cobbett, because, as Dr. Arnold truly said of him, he was "always an ante-advance man to the backbone"—and many of the sons were worthy of those illustrious sires. More than any other English political party, they had a firm, coherent, intellectual basis. They originated in the repugnance of highly-trained minds to the mass of lubricated phrases, intellectual makeshifts, and class prejudices which were so large an element in Whiggery. They knew what they wanted; their practical aims originated in clear principles. They might have narrow sympathies, and be too fond of denying all salvation outside certain formulæ. But they had the rare virtues of coherency, intelligibleness, and consistency; and in these days of indefinite political creeds, when a reference to principles is supposed to smack of charlatanism, when to be logical is deemed weakness, when the quackery of half-knowledge and indigested thought can be passed off as practical wisdom, it is a pleasure to turn to the writings of James Mill and Grote, with their intellectual vigour and rectitude. It is the fashion to forget what they did; it is still more common to depreciate as mechanical and of limited reach the reforms for which they laboured. Such depreciation is premature. When the House of Lords is reduced to its proper position; when our fiscal system is based on true equality; when the laws as to succession no longer enable the wealthy to become more wealthy; when our representative system is simple instead of complicated, arbitrary, and unequal; when religious equality is established; when the land is free from the dead hand, and a phalanx of solicitors can no longer defeat successive Land Transfer Bills; when law is no longer a a maze—when these and many more reforms have been accomplished, it will be pardonable to speak lightly of the Radicals of whom Mr. Bradlaugh was one of the last specimens, and not till then.

It is easy to describe the old Radical; definiteness of character and position was the badge of his race. It is infinitely difficult to foretell what his successor will become. He hardly knows himself. He is fond of penning programmes for the future. But they are the most fugitive productions; the ink on one is scarcely dry before he is at work on another edition. Whither he is going, he is not exactly sure; he knows only that it will be far. He has no hard-and-fast creed, no acknowledged infallible teachers. For him there is no plenarily inspired volume such as James Mill's Essay on Government was to a past generation; no one occupies the authoritative position such as was once Mr. John Stuart Mill's. The New Radical's sympathies are wide, his ideas somewhat loose; and, for the present, he claims a large licence of inconsistency. The world moves altogether: Radicalism in politics is only a part of a perturbing impulse communicated also to literature and art; and at the outset we must expect a little crudity, whether the new spirit be present in a tragedy or projected legislation. In the composition of your Walt-Whitman-Ibsen-Tolstoi young man, there is a good deal of fusel oil and other by-products; and it will take time and much distillation before the refined liquid runs off, clarified and pure. In the new forms of Radicalism are crude elements to be worked off before we know exactly what will be the ultimate outcome. But already we can surmise much as to its future; some of its essential differences from the older type are already well marked. The Radical who entered Parliament twenty or thirty years ago had a considerable stock of axioms, of which he would admit no questioning. For example, property must in all circumstances be sacred; each man knows what is best for himself—it is folly for others to try to be wiser than he; Government must be an affair of police; laws can only punish—mischief will be done if more is tried. We mention at random some of the principles from which the older Radicals in all discussions started, and to which they tolerated no exceptions. Are all, or any of them, it is now asked, universally true? are they at best more than truths good for certain circumstances, but to be rejected in others? A wider knowledge of history shows that in the past the conditions of humanity have been infinitely varied, that political problems are much more complex than was supposed, that the best solutions are approximate only, that the sphere of government necessarily changes from time to time; and we must be prepared to see some of the first principles of the Radical of the older school cast aside by his successor. It is quite possible that we shall see Tories espousing some of the very causes which the former valiantly supported. It is significant that Mr. Bradlaugh's heir as official opponent of the Eight Hours' Bill is a sound Conservative.

For the present there is vagueness as well as boldness in the new form of Radicalism. The vagueness will pass, and the novel conceptions introduced

into politics will remain a clear gain. It is no insignificant circumstance that many of the younger generation are convinced that we have not yet mastered the rudiments of the art of training good citizens, that society has duties far transcending the punishment of murderers and thieves, and that it need not despair, given time, of accomplishing them. According to the primitive conception, the King — that is the State — was the guardian of the orphan and the imbecile. We are discovering in later times so many new kinds of wards, so many species of helpless beings for whom some guardian must be found—the miserably poor, the besottedly ignorant, the children worse than orphans to whom their parents are cruel taskmasters. To name one clear idea present in modern Radicalism, it is beginning to be understood, as it never before was, that preventive legislation may be larger in its sphere than repressive; that the schoolhouse, open spaces, and the free library may, to a large extent, replace the prison and the workhouse. The question is not that which Mr. Courtney argued on Wednesday in his lecture at University College, whether we are to accept Socialism or Individualism. Another generation if not ours may find a *via media*. Hitherto we have been too timorous, because lawyers and political economists hinted at awful things sure to happen if we sought to touch this or that evil. New Radicalism is beginning to shake off these fears, and will not be afraid to go into dark corners because they are said to be haunted by the bogies Socialism and Communism. It is still in a fluid state. No one has reduced its aspirations to exact formulæ. No teacher has done for the Radicalism of the future what James Mill did for the older form of it; and it will be no harm if the process of solidification is delayed. Sufficient for the present that distinctly new ideals of the future of society have been introduced into the political world. Even if they are not all capable of being realised—if the idea of freedom for all men, comfort for all, a happy childhood for all, and full participation by all in every innocent pleasure of life, is but a dream, the mere mythology of our time, as baseless as the phantoms with which imagination once peopled forest and hill—it would be a refreshing dream, a mythology which would make one more hopeful and the earth more beautiful.

NOVEL COLONIAL PROBLEMS.

DURING the past few days some items of Colonial news have come to hand, which are calculated to disturb our faith in those comfortable platitudes upon which is based a belief in the stability of the Empire. Telegrams from Newfoundland inform us that the Ministerial Party, who are our best friends there, are in a paroxysm of indignation against the Home Government for its refusal to complete a reciprocity arrangement, provisionally concluded between that distressful island and the Foreign Department at Washington. It was with the good wishes of the London Cabinet that Mr. Robert Bond, the Colonial Secretary, set out to confer with Mr. Blaine; and whilst at Washington he enjoyed all the aid and countenance which the majestic personality of Sir Julian Pauncefote could afford him. And yet, just as his work was approaching the moment of fruition, Sir Charles Tupper and Sir John Macdonald step in and persuade Lord Salisbury to make it of none effect. The motive of the Canadian leaders is obvious enough, however vehemently they may strive to disguise it. They perceive that once Newfoundland succeeds in obtaining special terms from Washington, Nova Scotia and the other maritime provinces will renounce their adherence to the Dominion compact, and seek an opening in the neighbouring and natural market of the States. We do not blame the Cabinet for the decision at which they have arrived. The crisis was novel and difficult. We are not sure that our own party could have done otherwise, or better. There are some things in Colonial politics which English Ministers cannot bring themselves to regard as alien to themselves, and one of them is, it would seem, the maintenance of the Canadian union. The English Cabinet have decided to back Sir John Macdonald in the battle of next March, just as Mr. Blaine is backing Sir Richard Cartwright and his party. Each side is perfectly content to accept, and makes no shame to boast of, this outside support. Sir Charles Tupper has given the people of Kingston a vivid word-picture of his last interview with Lord Knutsford, and retailed the alleged words in which that nobleman expressed his concern for Sir John Macdonald's success. Oh shade of William Charles Wentworth and all the Colonial patriots who battled for "Responsible Government"! has it come to this—that the name of "Mr. Mother Country" is one to conjure with on a Colonial hustings? But that is by the way. The lesson of this North American business is this—that it is no longer always possible for the Imperial Government to sail on an even keel between neighbouring Colonies, or to remain aloof from the internal struggles of Colonial politics. The Home Government must have preferences and take sides, just as the various classes of Colonists take sides in relation to our internal struggles, or, *vice versâ*, as our own people take sides in relation to Colonial questions, such as the Australian strike. More money was raised in England for the Australian than for the Scotch strike, and more heads have been broken over the Plan of Campaign in Victorian tap-rooms than were ever cracked in New and Old Tipperary put together. We are becoming so deeply interested in one another that the Colonists and ourselves must either draw nearer or fall more widely asunder. The old conventions no longer serve to quiet the questionings of our intelligence. Sentiment bids us come closer. Distance, and the gritty truths of Economics and Public Law, warn us to loosen the bond. No amount of fine writing and after-dinner eloquence can obliterate the rule of international law, in accordance with which a French fleet would be entitled to lay Sydney in ashes because a Newfoundland lobster-boy has pulled the nose of a French midshipman. All the ingenuity of Sir George Baden-Powell and Mr. Howard Vincent, in framing friendly questions for Sir James Fergusson, cannot persuade a Bermuda market gardener that Liverpool is a better market for his tomatoes than New York.

But apart from the international danger and economic disadvantages of our present transitional organisation, the Colonists are not slow to perceive the immense disadvantage at which they stand in a diplomatic point of view from having to confide their foreign negotiations to a Power which is under such heavy recognisances, as are we, to maintain the peace towards each and all of the nations of the world. Canadian interests suffer perennially at Washington because Mr. Smith Barry will not allow an unknown fox-hunter named Ponsonby to back down before a company of obscure mountaineers in an unexplored corner of Cork. Australia lost half New Guinea, and South Africa lost Damaraland, because the Imperial Government shrank back at Bismarck's threat that he would incite France to make herself unpleasant in Egypt unless

he had his way in the Southern hemisphere. Even poor little Newfoundland could probably oppose France more successfully if she were single-handed than we can oppose France for her. The lesson of the expulsion of Napoleon III. from Mexico by Mr. Seward is not lost on our Colonists. Without a truly federal government, the present system of co-operative diplomacy will soon become a nuisance, equally intolerable to the Colonies and the Mother Country; and a truly federal government pre-supposes or necessitates an Imperial Zollverein. For ourselves, we are no great believers in the first, because we opine that the second is one of those phantasms which, no sooner would it be seriously proposed, than it would be blown into thin air by the triumphant analysis of our Farrers and Lyon Playfairs, just as two years ago they slew the Jabberwock of that day—the great "Sugar Convention" of Baron Henry de Worms. With which observation we respectfully commend the Colonial problem to the wisdom of our readers.

A WAR OF ARMADAS.

IT is significant that in the latest phase of the labour war, which after a brief truce has broken out with renewed ferocity and on a scale of the greatest magnitude, the real combatants are somewhat in the background. The opposing forces in the Cardiff strike are obviously the Shipping Federation and the National Union of Seamen and Firemen. But the parties actually at grips are the management of the Bute Docks and the "tippers" and "dockers" in their employ. The separation of the vital from the apparent interests at stake shows how near we have come to a state of industrial war, with massed capital on the one hand confronting combined labour on the other. Sir W. T. Lewis, a typical modern "captain of industry," thinks it worth his while to engage his vast undertaking, accommodating seven million tons of shipping, and threatened by formidable competitors in the shape of the Barry Docks, in a struggle which, if he had only considered the interests of the Marquis of Bute, he might very well have avoided. In similar fashion, Mr. Mann and Mr. Tillett, of the Dockers, come, with some qualifications, to the aid of Mr. Wilson, of the Seamen and Firemen, and the war bids fair to spread from Cardiff to Hull, and from Hull to London. As for the immediate cause of a strife which, if it is maintained, may involve a simultaneous revolt of the whole body of workers engaged in the carrying trades, it was on the face of it trivial enough. An Aberdeen steamer called the *Glen Gelder* was supplied with a crew consisting entirely of "blackleg" or non-Unionist hands, engaged at the new registry offices opened by the Shipping Federation. Acting on the suggestion of the Seamen's and Firemen's Union, numbering about 60,000 members, which perhaps is nearly half of the effective workers in the trade, the "tippers" in the Bute Docks refused to coal her, and struck work. Sir W. T. Lewis accepted the challenge with his usual vigour, proceeded against the strikers for breach of contract, obtained new workmen, and is now fighting the battle of the Federation, which, with eighty millions of capital, and perhaps six-sevenths of the shipping trade of the kingdom behind it, is presumably strong enough to fight its own. Nor can the plan of campaign on the other side be altogether despised. Mr. Wilson boasts that he has a reserve war fund of £80,000; he is prepared to levy contributions from the allied trades, and especially from the workers in the Barry Docks; he has the pick, if not the majority, of the very gallant class of men whom he has organised; and he is a man of vigorous, and perhaps rather headstrong, personality. The element of hope is that the separate demands of the dockers are singularly moderate, and that Mr. Tillett only asks for fair treatment for Union men, with no special preference for "free" labour. We do not understand that the Dockers' Union or the London stevedores have as yet definitely decided to give battle to the Federation, for the simple reason that the Federation itself is not yet in a condition to show fight in every part of England and Wales. It has shown its teeth, and it is beginning to man crews for ships which will almost inevitably be "blocked." But from this running warfare to a general campaign is one step only in the perilous strain of the situation, and that a sufficiently narrow one.

Meanwhile the public, which looks on uneasily at these threatening movements, electric with the gathering passions of the hour, has a right to complain of the rather disingenuous manner in which the real issue is disguised from it. The Shipping Federation, for instance, assert that they have no desire to "smash" the Union. But, as the *Times* correspondent admits, the only practical effect of the manning of ships by crews from which Union members are excluded is to break down Mr. Wilson's combination. The Shipping Federation have opened labour bureaux of their own, and they compete with the new but very strong Union by charging a lower registration fee. They have proceeded from mixed crews of Unionists and non-Unionists to ships manned purely by "free" labourers, and Mr. Wilson can fairly argue that, though at present no question of wage is at issue, the men's main guarantee for keeping up the present standard is the existence of just such an independent and vigorous combination as he controls. In the same way, one's judgment as to the merits of the issue between the "free" and the Unionist labourer is a little hampered by the fact that Mr. Wilson's Union does not include half the whole body of seamen and firemen. Mr. John Burns, we believe, laid down the entirely safe rule that it was not wise for a Union to try and monopolise the labour of a trade until it included 90 per cent. of the workers, in which case the "blackleg" element would be of small account and would furnish no effective margin of unemployed. Obviously, if Mr. Wilson's basis of dealing with the Shipping Federation only reaches to 50 per cent. of the workers, his chances of success are largely handicapped. The struggle is at root one for mastery, and, on the part of the men, for that joint supervision of the conditions of labour in the shipping industry which many of the older Unions have attained and worked out to a real measure of peace. If the demand were in the nature of a presentation by all the seamen and firemen—save an insignificant margin—it would be conceded as a matter of course. As it is, the all-important problem is the strength of the "blackleg" reserve.

On one point, however, there ought to be no room for doubt. No employer of labour who understands the signs of the times ought to have the smallest objection to deal with the Union rather than with his men as individuals. Unions, new or old, are equally elements of industrial order. Mr. Wilson's organisation is new and aggressive; but it is no exception to the rule of which the Dockers' Union is so brilliant and satisfactory an example, that Unions are thoroughly moralising institutions. The Seamen's and Firemen's Union imposes a strict standard of merit and service; it does its best to check dishonesty, and it has unquestionably saved its members from some of the worst evils

of a calling where rough, hasty, and crude bargaining is inevitable. That, of course, does not imply a moral right to govern the shipping trade, while it quickens public susceptibility to needless aggressions on the part of the masters. However, if neither side will make peace, that is no reason why the nation should suffer the bad effects of an industrial war which imperils its commerce, its every-day conveniences, its very food, and penetrates the whole fabric of its domestic life. Seamen and firemen do for us by water what the railway servants do by land. Both are engaged in essentially public services, and it is simply intolerable that their willingness to wait on us should depend on the ability of Mr. Wilson to hit it off with Mr. Laws and Sir W. T. Lewis. Mr. Gladstone has lately expressed the individualist objection to State Boards of Arbitration, but Sir Edward Watkin's blunt remark, "that railway strikes ought not to be allowed," is nearer the purpose. It is, at all events, the business of the State to save itself, and it would be the truest economy on its part to set to work a small machinery in order to preserve the motive forces of civilisation.

ON GREEN BENCHES.

AN interesting parliamentary feature of the week has been the stand made by the Welsh members on the Tithes Bill. There is an increasing disposition in the House of Commons to split into sections. There is (*bien entendu*) an Irish House, a Scottish House, a Deceased Wife's Sister House, an Army House, a Navy House, an India Budget House, the latter being, like an historic baby, only a very little one. When one of these contingents is holding the floor, the remainder of the members rarely consider it necessary to put in an appearance. As for the Government majority, it never listens to any debates. So long as it is within reach of the division bell, it considers its duty to Queen and country discharged. Mr. Lloyd George, a promising young Celtic orator, whose training ground has clearly been the chapel, complained bitterly on Monday that he and his colleagues were obliged to repeat their arguments because Sir Michael Hicks Beach never answered them. But Sir Michael is at least a painstaking Minister, and he has sat conscientiously through the debate. Not so the gentlemen who, in a score of divisions, have voted down the unanimous opinion of the Welsh Liberals, who, save for a harmless exception or two, stand practically for the Principality. As the little host of Welshmen to the left of the Speaker, with Mr. Samuel Evans's handsome face in the van, and "Mabon's" solid figure in the rear, fight their battles, they gaze on a desolate green expanse, rarely lightened by a frock coat or a silk hat.

As for the manner in which the Welshmen have fought, it has been, despite all reports to the contrary, unexceptionable. Their plan of campaign is a trifle more business-like than that of the Irishmen, and, though it has been conducted with an ability which drew Mr. Healy from his absorption in Irish matters, a willing recruit to the common Celtic cause, there has been no obstruction. The speeches have been short, sharp, and to the point, full of knowledge and real intelligence. The debates too have revealed more than one promising statesman, chief among them being Mr. Samuel Evans, whose five-minute addresses have been models of acuteness, force, and courtesy withal, and whose very agreeable presence should one day be found in the front rank of Liberalism. The battle has been purely one of details as well as of nationality, and the support of a gentleman distinguished by Mr. Storey as "of magnificent proportions," has not been so conspicuous over this Bill as over its predecessor. Indeed, over the chief personages on the Liberal side there has hung the shadow of the depression with which the sway and turn of the Irish controversy afflict all thoughtful men. Nothing that has happened in the House has been so important as what was happening out of it. An air of pre-occupation, almost of listlessness, sits on the Front Bench. Last week we had the cheerful and ardent figure of the Liberal leader in the front of the fight; and Mr. Osborne Morgan, though an excellent and active man of affairs, hardly replaces him as an object of pictorial interest.

As for the Government, it has behaved with the ineffable audacity which has characterised it during Mr. Smith's leadership. There is an impression—an entirely false one—that Mr. Smith is a leader of the good old Conservative type. Nothing of the kind. Mr. Smith is a Parliamentary pirate-king, and, as Mr. Healy told him, with a smile more of envy than of malice, which was cheerfully reciprocated by Mr. Smith, a thoroughly brazen one. Here is a Government three-quarters through a first-class measure on February 10th. Think of it, ye gods that watch over Parliamentary precedent! February 10th has been wont to find us in the throes of the second or third amendment to the Address. This year it sees us at least three months to the good, and in the most business-like of moods. And then Mr. Smith comes down with a proposal to abolish the rights of the private member—usually curtailed about June, when Supply is getting backward—and give precedence to tithes. And the House knows by this time that Mr. Smith's will is law. The leader of the House does not argue points. He states them. He flings down large propositions, and with an air bespeaking sorrow rather than anger, tests them with the closure. The astonishing thing is, that everybody acquiesces in this iron rule of a *bourgeois* tyrant—a Napoleon masked as Louis Philippe, the captain of the *Flying Scud* posing as an inoffensive merchantman. At this moment the Government has it in its power to take over to itself every parliamentary day in the week, and the session is still in its first month!

Mr. Picton has come out in the fresh character of a humorist. On Tuesday there came on the annual motion that the House should meet on Ash Wednesday at two instead of twelve. Now the House of Commons is always ready to award itself a holiday, and Derby Day or Ash Wednesday is equally in its line. Mr. Picton, however, was determined to get, if possible, at what may be called the collective conscience of the House, and when the motion was made, he suggested a return of the members who should go to church on Ash Wednesday. For the gentlemen who had made their private arrangements for business or pleasure this seemed an excellent joke, and good Mr. Picton, who usually makes for seriousness, was the comic hero of the hour. As it turned out, his proposal was exactly what was required. Two o'clock on Ash Wednesday afternoon came, and found the Speaker watching poor Mr. Heneage wandering about an empty House vainly endeavouring to form a quorum. The Speaker bore with him for half an hour, while Mr. Heneage went on driving his perverse flock behind the Bar as fast as they would allow him, and then retired for twenty minutes in disgust. Evidently the good men's sermons have been long. The debate on the Deceased Wife's Sister, which began just before three, was the dreariest on record. One or two Conservatives used the word "incest," but that is a customary brutality. In the end Mr. Kelly, the clever Tory member for Camberwell, had the satisfaction of placing himself with his fellow-teller to the right of the Speaker, and recording another barren victory for the Bill which in due time the Lords temporal and spiritual will proceed to demolish.

The final touch of sadness to the Irish tragedy which has hung heavy over the House during the week was given by Thursday's announcement of the arrest of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. In the House, Mr. Justin McCarthy, fresh from No. 15

Committee Room, Mr. John O'Connor, and other members of both sections of the Irish party, could get no positive information. Mr. Balfour, with the coolness which in so clever a man is a near remove from insolence, referred his questioners to Mr. Matthews, and the Home Secretary was good enough to say that "he should not be surprised to hear it." A detachment of Irish members hurried off to Charing Cross in the hope of meeting their friends, and the incident was over. The meeting at No. 15 was a curious contrast in its order and absence of emotion to the stormy gatherings of which the strong and sinister figure who now troubles Irish politics was the centre. Nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone's assurances have largely restored the healthy tone of Liberal and Irish feeling; and if there is a slight under-swell of discontent, the wave of opinion still sets steadily for Home Rule.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

IN connection with the dissolution of the Austrian Reichsrath, the change just made in the Ministry has a twofold significance. The retirement of Herr Dunajewski from the post of Minister of Finance indicates, as was suspected last week, that the period of conciliating conflicting nationalist susceptibilities is at an end; while the appointment in his place of Dr. Emil Steinbach, who belongs to no political party, who has no Parliamentary experience, and whose life has been spent in the Civil Service, where he has won considerable distinction, indicates that the Ministry intends to take up social questions in the manner desired by the German Left. For Dr. Steinbach, who is only forty-five, is not only a distinguished jurist and an ex-professor of political economy, but an adherent of the "Professorial Socialism" of the rather advanced type expounded by Professor Wagner of Berlin; and has advocated, in a public lecture, a progressive income tax, a reform in the death-duties, and a high tax on Stock Exchange transactions.

All these proposals appear in the programme propounded by Herr von Plener and the leaders of the German Left at its meeting last Sunday, together with a reform of direct taxation, increased freedom of association, direct election to local councils (*Landesgemeinden*) instead of the present double election, and legislation against adulteration and on social and labour questions—of course in the direction of State Socialism. The programme concludes with an emphatic commendation of the Austro-German alliance, and an appeal to the Germans in Austria to sink their differences and not waste their strength in useless divisions. Looking at the conflicting nationalities, all highly sensitive and extremely jealous, which make up the Austrian Empire, it does not seem as if this beneficent despotism, combined with disregard of national sentiment, offered a very hopeful outlook. The Young Czechs—who also favour a progressive income tax—are organising vigorously. It is alleged by the *Standard* correspondent—though it is not yet apparent in the electoral reports—that the policy of Anti-Semitism may exercise a good deal of influence on the elections.

After a prolonged period of suspense—due, it is said, to the reluctance of the King to part with Signor Crispi—the new Italian Ministry has taken office, and has signified to the Powers that it intends to pursue a policy of peace and retrenchment. To-day (Saturday) it is to meet the Chambers. Hostile critics of course call it "a mere collection of Ministers," with no common bond and no special knowledge of the work of their departments, and predict its speedy fall. No doubt the refusal of Signors Saracco and Coppino to join is serious—involving as it does the possible opposition of the "Piedmontese group" of sixty deputies; and the combination of members of the extreme Right and extreme Left is an obvious element of instability. Still, the various Ministries of Depretis and Crispi were generally unstable; and the long disorganisation of parties in Italy has nearly effaced the old party lines, and left the field open to fresh combinations. Very probably the new electoral Reform Bill promoted by Signor Bonghi, abolishing *scrutin de liste*, may favour the supremacy of the Right in the new Chamber which must naturally follow its passing into law. It is rumoured, too, that the Right has some kind of promise of Catholic support; and should the Vatican see fit to promote the policy of Cardinal Lavigerie in Italy as in France, and accept—at least provisionally—the political situation, the new Catholic and Conservative party which would be formed would probably exhibit considerable cohesion. Meanwhile, a section of the Left, numbering 130 members, has organised itself, and will probably find a leader in Signor Zanardelli. He may, of course, give place at no distant date to Signor Crispi, whom he refused last week to supplant as Premier. But for the present the latter has resumed his old practice at the Bar.

The law regulating the labour of women and children in factories, workshops, mines, and quarries, was passed by the French Chamber on Saturday last. It raises the minimum age at which children may work from ten to thirteen, or twelve, contingent on an educational test; but requires that a medical certificate shall be produced for children under sixteen, and that the inspector may at any time order its renewal. Youths under sixteen and girls under twenty-one are limited to ten hours' work a day, and are to have one day of rest a week, which need not be Sunday. This last provision evoked a final protest (and division) on the part of a section of the Opposition, which was of course unsuccessful. Women over twenty-one are similarly limited to ten hours' work a day. (The law hitherto in force, passed in 1874, fixed twelve hours a day as the maximum for children under sixteen, prohibited night-work for them, and secured them their Sunday rest.) The law is applicable to any place of manufacture where steam or any mechanical motor is used, and will no doubt seriously affect a multitude of small factories.

Speaking at a Monarchist meeting at Nîmes on Monday, the Comte d'Haussonville (nephew of the Duc de Broglie) protested, "in the name of honour and conscience," against the advice of Cardinal Lavigerie and some of the Bishops that the Monarchist parties should accept the Republic in order to modify its policy. The Republic, he argued, found its strongest bond of cohesion in anti-clerical measures, and would assuredly demand that, as a guarantee of good faith, the "Conservative Republicans" should support its educational policy and the military law, which interferes so seriously with the education of candidates for the priesthood. Probably the chief importance of his speech is as a sign of the disorganisation of the Monarchical party.

Political combinations seem to be shifting somewhat in Greece. M. Sortirpoulos (why not K. or Kyrios Sortirpoulos, as we speak of Herr von Plener and Signor Crispi?), hitherto a supporter of the Government, has joined the Opposition; and K. Rhallis' patriotic paper, the *Ethnikè*, which had a good deal to do with the defeat of the Tricoupis Ministry, now reviles the Delyannis Cabinet, in very modern Greek, as blinded to the true interest of the nation by the "place-hunting atmosphere" which surrounds it. Nevertheless, the courts are inflicting severe punishments on the local officials who used illegal pressure in favour of the official candidates of the late Government at the general election; and it is said that the Cabinet even proposes to impeach K. Tricoupis, on the ground that he contracted a floating debt of twenty-two million drachmae without the permission of the Chamber. The King, it is alleged, opposes this step, for fear of injuring Greek credit abroad. It is difficult—such has been the influence of K. Tricoupis on foreign visitors—for

spectators abroad to believe that the impeachment can possibly succeed.

Liapi, the Greek guerilla leader, continues his successful career in Crete, and has recently captured some Martini rifles, with cartridges, with which he has been able to arm his followers. His movement, though made much of by the Greek papers, is only so far important that it may rally the Cretan refugees, now deprived of the allowances given them till recently by the Greek Government, and compromise Greek neutrality—which the Greek Government, to do it justice, is extremely anxious to avoid.

The Czar has succeeded in insulting and offending English opinion, irrespective of party, by sending back, through the Foreign Office, the memorial recently presented from the meeting at the Guildhall on behalf of the Jews in Russia. No doubt an autocrat, especially if he feels himself backed by the feeling of his subjects, has special temptations to resent foreign interference, especially from a people that has never been very friendly. But his action must inevitably be interpreted as meaning that he accepts and endorses those actions of his officials of which the meeting decorously assumed his entire ignorance.

The moment is not very suitable for offending public opinion. The horrible story told by an American seal poacher of his personal experience in the Siberian mines during three years' hard labour—assuming, of course, that it is genuine—will intensify that feeling which Mr. Kennan's articles and lectures have already excited in America. Moreover, the United States are likely to be hit harder than any other country by the Jewish migration. If Mr. Blaine could see his way now, or hereafter, to make diplomatic representations to the Russian Government, the world might yet have cause to be grateful for his Jingoism. His Government has nothing to lose and everything to gain by taking this course on the first opportunity. And protest would have especial effect in Russia if it came from an old friend like the United States.

It is reported that, owing to the personal intervention of the Russian Minister of Finance, the application of the anti-Jewish laws is further postponed. General Gourko, however, the Governor of Warsaw, has ordered that Jews who are summoned for military service shall be sent for immediate inspection by *étape*. Transport by *étape*, in the company of convicts, is abominable in itself, and, of course, opens the door to unlimited corruption. Arrests of alleged Nihilists are reported by the *Times* correspondent at Vienna to be more numerous than ever, and the number will possibly soon be increased now that the Bulgarian Government has determined to expel the refugees (who certainly are not all Russian spies as is alleged), and a strike riot at St. Petersburg last week was looked upon by the authorities as part of an organised political revolt. In the *Fortnightly* this month the composite "Mr. Lanin" gives, in perhaps the most important of his articles hitherto, some striking information as to the financial condition of Russia, the almost comic effects of Protection on its manufactures, and the hopeless bankruptcy of the peasantry.

Portugal is threatened with a new trouble—a negro rising in her West African possessions, apparently in Angola or Benguela, and troops have been hastily despatched to quell it. It is announced that none of the persons involved in the Oporto outbreak are to suffer the death penalty.

The elections in Spain have passed off quietly after all, though serious disturbances very nearly took place at Barcelona and Madrid, in connection with the official pressure and fraud alleged to have been used against the Republican candidate at the former place, Signor Salmeron. The same charges are made with reference to other places, especially in Cuba; and their antecedent probability, at least, seems generally admitted. The elections of Senatorial electors indicate that the Government will also obtain a considerable majority in the Upper Chamber. The Liberals proper, however, have carried Madrid.

Serious accounts have come to hand of an Arnaut rising in Albania, near the Servian frontier. Further south, Albania has been disturbed for some time, considerably beyond the degree normal to a Turkish province.

It is difficult to say what is happening in Chili, in view of the fact that the news comes through Argentina, and is supposed to be more or less falsified in transit. But it has been reported this week that the Government troops have been defeated near Taltal, that Valparaiso is strictly blockaded, and that an attack on it is daily expected. A later telegram from Buenos Ayres, however, states that three of the revolted Chilian warships have gone over to the Government.

SOME VIEWS UPON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.*

THE idea of Mr. Samuelson's publication is excellent, and shows how largely the magazine form of literature is gaining ground upon the old ways of discussing whatever topics happen to be uppermost in the public mind. His plan is to take some such topic, a topic on which articles might be expected to appear in sundry quarterly reviews and monthly magazines, and to gather under one cover within limits somewhat more limited than those of such monthlies as the *Contemporary Review*, a number of articles on various aspects and bearings of this one topic, presenting not only different branches of it, but views of policy regarding it entertained by different schools of political thought. Thus a reader is to have under his eye what he needs, not only to master the facts of the case, but to comprehend the questions of policy involved and the arguments on which reliance is placed. To make such a method really serviceable two things are required. The editor must have a full comprehension of the problem to be discussed, its data, and the conditions required for a due solution: and he must select to write upon it persons specially qualified to deal with these data and conditions. In the present case Mr. Samuelson is entitled to credit for having perceived that the problem of the British House of Lords does need to be discussed, and to be discussed in just the way which his serial journal contemplates. That he has also perceived the need of having competent and representative men to write, may be gathered from the fact that Dr. E. A. Freeman and Lord Pembroke are among the contributors. Nor is the subject badly laid out for treatment. First comes an historical article (Dr. Freeman's) on the origin and growth of the House of Lords; then a short (and very inadequate) paper on its expansion and present influence; next an account of the Second Chambers of other States; then a brief summary of the proposals recently made in the House of Lords for its reform. So far we have facts. The remaining seventy pages are occupied with arguments or abstracts of arguments for or against the maintenance of the present or some other Upper House. To make this treatment of the case *pro* and *con* valuable the parts of assailant, defender, and impartial critic, ought to have been assigned to men of real penetration and wide outlook over the whole field of contemporary politics. But the only one of these five papers from which something practically helpful can be gleaned is that by Lord Pembroke, who fairly represents the intelligent peers, willing to move, but (as Liberals at least will think) to move so short a distance that they might as well not move at all. Mr. Arthur Arnold's account of the lords as landowners contains facts which in themselves are quite worth stating, but have little to do with the particular matter at issue. Most readers will rise from the book wiser in three things only. The first is that they will have learnt from Dr. Freeman's very lucid

* "Subjects of the Day: a Quarterly Review of Current Topics." Edited by James Samuelson. The House of Lords and other Upper Houses. London: George Routledge & Sons.

and vigorous article how the House of Lords came to be what it is, and in what sense it may claim to be the true representative of a democratic primary assembly. The second is that they will know where to go for a compendious, and, so far as we have been able to ascertain, accurate account of the composition of the various Second Chambers which exist in other countries. This summary would, however, have been still more useful, though, of course, also much more difficult to produce, if it had contained a fuller account of the actual working of the so-called bi-cameral system in the leading modern States, considered with reference to the constitution of each of those States. The third point in which the treatment here given to the problem is instructive is in the conviction which it impresses on us that not only the present House of Lords, but any Second Chamber of practical worth, is likely before long to disappear, to sink and vanish altogether, horse and rider, out of the British Constitution. This is a result which at present only Radicals, and indeed not all Radicals, expect with satisfaction. Excluding the Irish members, who have, or will soon have, only a secondary interest in the matter, at least three-fourths of the House are in favour of retaining a Second Chamber. Nevertheless, no one who examines deliberately the forces actually in operation will end by doubting the view we are stating that the chance for a second Chamber is slight. We will say why this is so.

If the House of Lords is to be reformed, from whom is the reform to come? Either from the Tory party, that is to say, from the House of Lords itself, seeing that it is the permanent and trustworthy organ of Toryism, or from the Liberal party. Now there are two obstacles to any effective reform proceeding from the Tory party. The first is that the existing Peers are not prepared to surrender any considerable part of their exclusive rights. They prize these rights as contributing to their individual social dignity and consequence. They prize them, moreover, as constituting a bulwark, of uncertain but still of some sort of strength, against Radical legislation, and in particular against legislation affecting what are called the rights of property. Why should they abandon this bulwark, and voluntarily expose themselves to a heavier impact of attacks which are sure soon to come? If this feeling was confined to themselves they might be induced to waive it. But it is shared by the Tory party generally. While the Tory party possesses a constitutional organ which has the legal power of rejecting or modifying Bills sent out by a Radical House of Commons, it has a vantage ground of great value. The second obstacle is that no scheme for reforming the House of Lords which the Tories might propose would have any chance of being accepted by the Radicals unless it were so sweeping as practically to change entirely the character of the existing Chamber. A proposal, for instance, to increase largely the number of life peers (which is the plan that finds favour with Lord Pembroke) would be warmly resisted by the Liberal party in the House of Commons, as giving a sort of new title to the present House of Lords. Such a scheme might, no doubt, be forced through by the Ministerial majority in the Commons; but it would raise awkward questions, and involve the loss of a good deal of Ministerial time. Lord Salisbury would probably have been prudent in proposing it in the first or second session of this Parliament; he would hardly be prudent in proposing it now. And obviously it would be no final settlement of the matter, for it would scarcely touch the objections which Liberals feel to the present House.

Now let us look at the Liberal party. Are they any better placed for attempting the desired reform? They are much worse placed. They are confronted by obstacles even more serious than those which the Conservatives perceive. In the first place, no reform which the bulk of the Liberal party would deem sufficient has the slightest chance of being accepted quietly by the Peers. It would have to be brought before the constituencies, affirmed at a general election, and forced upon the Upper House under the threat of a sort of revolution. And secondly, the Liberals would find the greatest possible difficulty in agreeing among themselves as to what would be a sufficient reform. They are not even agreed on the fundamental question as to whether there ought to exist in England any Second Chamber at all. Even philosophical politicians and constitutional lawyers are divided on this point, while dislike of the present hereditary House has filled the minds of the masses with a prepossession against any sort of House which might seem to be a continuation of it. Supposing, however, that this question were to be resolved in the affirmative, there would still remain a wide field for divergent views, not only as to the composition and structure of the Second Chamber, but as to the powers that ought to be left to it. What Liberal Ministry is likely to undertake the task not only of framing a constitutional reform of extreme delicacy and intricacy, but also of persuading the various sections of Liberals to agree to it, and then of pushing it through against a long and fierce resistance? It will be easier to carry particular measures against the Lords, even such a measure as Home Rule, by the fear of popular wrath, than to attempt reconstruction.

It may be said that this view of the position omits the possibility that Tories and Liberals might agree upon a moderate scheme of reform which would remove the more patent objections to the present House of Lords and give it a useful place in the Constitution, while yet not breaking wholly with the past. That such a scheme could be devised we do not deny. The question is whether there is any likelihood that anything which Tories may in their present temper propose, would go far enough to satisfy Liberals, or anything which Liberals might propose be mild enough to find favour with Tories. Of this we discern no chance whatever. To all present appearances there will be before long a pretty sharp conflict between the Houses, and the Lords will emerge from it severely, if not mortally, wounded. The Liberal party can unite on destruction if not upon reconstruction: and the strife of the next ten years will probably end in reducing the Upper House to such admitted impotence that the question of complete extinction will no longer be important.

THE FUTURE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION IN LONDON.

IT is not too much to say that the whole future of London education is now trembling in the balance. The chaotic state of all education in London above the elementary system has long been a byword abroad, and we have of late begun to realise even in England that intermediate education must be organised, if only to provide an outlet for the pick of the scholars from the primary schools. And such organisation has now come within the range of practical politics. The London County Council finds itself in possession of an annual grant from the Beer and Spirits Duties, sufficient, if wisely used, to deal comprehensively with the scattered units which make up what, with unconscious humour, is called the existing "system" of secondary and technical education. It is indeed optional for the Council to decline the task altogether, and to use the money for the relief of the rates, as they seemed inclined to do last Tuesday, when a motion to carry the whole of the fund to the general County account was adopted by a narrow majority. But this action must not be regarded as settling the matter. It does not bind the Council with respect to future grants; and even if it did, the Council can under the Act of 1889 devote to education the proceeds of a penny rate out of the general County fund with which the proceeds of the special grant will be amalgamated. Since a penny rate will produce nearly as much as the grant in question, the County Council cannot be

said to have debarred themselves from using the bulk of the money for the purpose contemplated by Parliament. This is well, not only in the interest of education, but of the ratepayers themselves, since the Chancellor of the Exchequer has plainly hinted that the permanence of the new fund may depend on its application to educational objects, and also that fresh charges may in the future be laid on County Councils with respect to intermediate education. The London Council would look rather foolish if it first lost the special grant through misapplying it, and then were compelled to dip into the ratepayers' pockets to meet fresh and compulsory charges for education. All these considerations will doubtless weigh with County Councillors when they resume the adjourned debate on Tuesday next, and it is to be hoped that the example set by other counties will not be lost upon them. Up to the present, Middlesex and Rutland are the only other counties that have sunk the whole of the fund in the rates, while over thirty English County Councils, besides a number of County Boroughs, have already resolved to use all or part of the grant for educational purposes. This excludes Wales, where almost the whole of the grant is being applied to education under the wider power of the Intermediate Education Act which will probably soon be extended to this country. Next Tuesday's debate in the London County Council will therefore be looked forward to with interest.

Meanwhile, there is not perhaps very much to regret in the rejection of the suggestions of the temporary Committee for the distribution of a small balance of £23,000, which remained unappropriated for the current year. It was proposed that this sum should be dealt with in a temporary way, and that the bulk of it should be divided among the so-called "Polytechnics" with which various parts of London are threatened under the scheme for the City Parochial Charities now before Parliament.

There is reason to suspect that the crudity and one-sidedness of the recommendations imperilled the whole report; for there was really no valid reason for dealing with the £23,000 as a "windfall" and tossing grants of some thousands apiece to Polytechnics, north, west, and south, some of which are as yet merely on paper.

But we prefer to lay stress on the far larger question of a general scheme for the future. The most important thing at the present moment is to secure the appointment of a Standing Committee, under the Technical Instruction Act, to make a thorough inquiry into the needs of London as a whole. What the results of such an inquiry will be we cannot anticipate in detail. All we can do is to indicate roughly the lines on which it should be made. In the first place, though complete freedom should, of course, be given to all applicants to state their case, a perusal of the evidence taken before the late Committee amply proves that it will be necessary to take special care that the older and more firmly established institutions have fair play. There will be applications from the promoters of new schemes—energetic, earnest, well-practised in placing their case in the best light before possible contributors. But there are also older institutions, little known, perhaps, to County Councillors, which, though sadly hampered by want of funds, were doing good work to the extent of their powers long before the newer projects were thought of. In the hurried evidence taken before Dr. Longstaff's Committee, the advocates of the newer institutions had it nearly all their own way. A good example of the eclecticism of the Committee in receiving evidence is afforded by the fact that while two Commissioners were examined from the new City Parochial Charities Department of the Charity Commission, no evidence was called from the Endowed Schools Department of the same body. Care must be taken that these omissions are rectified if the whole question is reopened before a Standing Committee, who will probably have to take the initiative, and insist on obtaining full information from every district, instead of merely allowing the money to be scrambled for by institutions which are "before the public."

In the second place, it must be remembered that the object of the new fund is the organisation of secondary education so far as this can be done within the Technical Instruction Act. The aim is to carry on the work of education from the point where the functions of the Education Department cease, the improvement of the industrial capacity of the rising generation being, as Dr. Longstaff put it, the "objective" of the whole system. There is not the least reason for considering the money as "ear-marked," like the City Parochial funds, for the benefit merely of "the poorer classes."

There is, therefore, no reason why the work of systematic day-schools should go to the wall in favour of the more desultory instruction of evening classes. Evening instruction is to form the central feature of the Polytechnics, lest any of the funds should be used for the benefit of other persons than those for whom the City charities were appropriated by Mr. Bryce's Act. But such classes, though they may do excellent work, are at best a *pis aller*, and can but touch the mere fringe of the educational problem to be solved.

Why not fairly face this problem—the greatest educational problem of the day—how best to raise the whole level of education by organising our secondary schools, and establishing a real organic connection between them and the great primary school system? If we do not do so, any evening institutions we may found will wither for want of material on which to feed, and share the fate of the mechanics' institutes of a past generation. In our opinion, then, the greatest work that can now be undertaken with the new fund—a work for which such an opportunity is not likely to occur again for many years—is to modernise, vitalise, and co-ordinate the public secondary schools which are already scattered over London. There are fourteen thousand boys (not to mention girls) in such schools in London. There are thirty-six boys' and girls' schools working under schemes of the Charity Commissioners, the greater number with narrow resources. The provision is meagre enough compared with the growing needs of London, but such schools as exist are doing a great and little recognised work for a class whose education has hitherto been the worst in the civilised world.

Such aid need not swallow up the whole of the fund, nor even the proceeds of a penny rate; and there would be ample margin to assist various forms of evening and higher instruction, from the Polytechnics up to the higher Colleges. But that it would be far better to organise and develop the existing centres of secondary education than to sink all or most of the money in novel and experimental institutes, can hardly be doubted by any who have taken the trouble to consider the wants of London as a whole. And if the reason why the authorities of these schools have hitherto been passed over is that their wants are not "before the public," it will be their own fault if, after this warning, they continue to suffer from this disadvantage.

A NEW SKETCH OF THACKERAY.*

"NONE of this nonsense about me after my death," Thackeray said, one day, tapping a volume of some fulsome biography that had just appeared. His daughters, who were present, obeyed this wish "a little too literally, perhaps," as Mr. Merivale pleads. One cannot blame their piety: and yet it has done harm. Between great men and a curious

* "Life of W. M. Thackeray." By Herman Merivale and Frank T. Marzials. London: Walter Scott.

public, there is a natural and necessary antagonism. "I do certain work in the world," the great man reasons; "and before I offer the result to my fellow-men for their benefit, I take pains to make it as nearly perfect as I can. What business have they with my erasures and rough copies, with my spoilt and rejected material, with the scaffolding of my edifice? And (more emphatically) what concern have they with the sanctities and sorrows of my life? They possess what I thought worthy to be given: let them judge that." So the great man, like a hunted Indian, covers up his tracks.

Were the game played according to rule, this argument would justify Thackeray and his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie. But the public never plays by rule. It hunts for the prey, not for the sport; and will satisfy its curiosity, if not by hook, then by crook. The result, in this case, has been "much publication that need not have been—undigging of the most private confidences, modern literary resurrectionism, little hard sayings by which Thackeray would have hated to give pain, spurious anecdotes about originals, and Heaven knows what." One or two men, it is true, have been permitted by Thackeray's family to write about him. But their case is distressing. Writing under a sanction qualified by many reservations; restrained, not by their own good taste, but by the scruples of others; they exhibit none of the merits of responsible freedom. "You tell me my steward is a big thief," said the cynical old nobleman of the Regency time; "and that's just why I keep him. One big thief scares off all the little ones." So one considerable but injudicious "Life" would have done Thackeray's memory less harm than has the miserable leakage that still continues to trickle to the public through the magazine. And now (in *Macmillan's Magazine*) we have Mrs. Ritchie herself supplying leakage and (if she will pardon the expression) stultifying herself pretty completely.

Some great men seem to lay a mysterious and inevitable curse on their biographers. Coleridge is one instance, and we begin to suspect that Thackeray will be another. We have given a sufficient reason why his biographers should fail; but it will not quite account—nothing will quite account—for Trollope's astounding monograph in Messrs. Macmillan's "English Men of Letters" series. That volume is just uncanny—there is no other word. It contains passages which can only be accounted for by something like a belief in the existence of a fifth dimension. Take, for example, the writer's defence of Thackeray's grammar—or the passage in which Thackeray is taken to task, like a naughty boy, because he didn't work three hours every day before breakfast—or the sublime outburst on the "matter" of fiction ("the manner and the style" being "but the natural wrappings in which the goods have been prepared for the market")—

> "Happy is the country that has such mothers, fathers, and schoolmasters (*scilicet*, as England)! But the novelist creeps in closer than the schoolmaster, closer than the father, closer almost than the mother. He is the chosen guide, the tutor whom the young pupil chooses for herself. She retires with him, suspecting no lesson, safe against rebuke, throwing herself head and heart into the narration as she can hardly do into her taskwork; and there she is taught,—how she shall learn to love; how she shall receive the lover when he comes; how far she should advance to meet the joy; why she should be reticent, and not throw herself at once into this new delight."

Let us scatter lilies with full hands, and pass. We have referred to Trollope's book because, in many respects, it anticipates the weakness of the new "Life" which Messrs. Herman Merivale and Frank T. Marzials have contributed to the "Great Writers" series. The new volume, it is true, has added weakness that is all its own; for Mr. Merivale, who began it, "found himself unable to finish more than the first six chapters," and Mr. Marzials wrote the rest. Mr. Merivale calls Arthur Pendennis a very brilliant and pleasant creature, "well worth his Laura after his airs and graces had been knocked out of him." Mr. Marzials roundly declares, "I don't consider Master Arthur was good enough for her." The point is of slight importance; but we submit that it might have been settled out of court. These two gentlemen, however, resemble Trollope (1) in having very little to say, (2) in filling up the deficiency in talking about their own emotions, and (3) because the emotions of Trollope, Merivale, and Marzials, though magnificent, are not exactly Thackeray. To be sure, the new volume has nothing to compare with Trollope's tender interest in Thackeray's income: but, as a set-off, it contains nothing among its *ana* so delicious as the impromptu which Trollope has preserved for us—

> "In the romantic little town of Highbury
> My father kept a circulatin' library;
> He followed in his youth the man immortal, who
> Conquered the Frenchmen on the plains of Waterloo," etc.

On the other hand, Mr. Marzials does quote the "*Adsum!*" passage, from "The Newcomes," with but a trivial mistake; whereas Trollope murders it with one of the deadliest misquotations on record. There is, we agree with Mr. Marzials, no death scene in fiction excelling it in beautiful simplicity. It is a profoundly instructive fact that no biographer, as yet, has been able even to copy it out correctly.

The new volume is called a "Life." In truth it is but a congeries of sketches, anecdotes, gossip, and scraps of criticism. Had it pretended to be nothing more, we could heartily commend it: for it is full of bright reading. Mr. Marzials faced an irksome task. He was not allowed a free hand, yet he had to finish a book, begun with an air of responsibility, in such a fashion that the beginning and end should not glaringly conflict. It was not in human power to succeed; but he has come off without discredit. Once or twice he manages to set Thackeray before us, very vividly, in a sort of thumb-nail sketch: and his admiration is sincere and taking. We have more fault to find with Mr. Merivale, whose chapters contain equal portions of pomp and prattle. It would be interesting to know what kind of book he imagined himself to be undertaking: his few pages contain an assortment of every conceivable biographical style—the dry-genealogical, the artless tea-and-muffin-with-appreciation, the slap-dash, the fond and foolish ("The dear little delicious boy-like humbug!" is his comment on a school-letter of Thackeray's), and that most intensely irritating style which seems to say, "Come and sit on my knee, and I'll give you a shilling if you can answer the question I'm going to put." In short, his performance is absurd. Now Thackeray, too, could be absurd; but managed his absurdity differently, as the following letter shows:—

> "Sir,—I am desired by Lord Palmerston to say that—perhaps you have heard of Miss Symons? She dines at a twopenny pieman's; but when she goes out, to a ball or a rout, her stomacher's coverep with di'mon's.—I have the honour to be, sir,
>
> "Your obedient servant,
>
> "W. M. Tomkins."

The really valuable portion of this book is the bibliography contributed by Mr. Anderson, of the British Museum. But then Mr. Anderson had a free hand.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

XX.—The Master of Balliol.

To an earlier generation at Oxford Professor Jowett was known as a retiring student, exercising as a teacher an extraordinary guiding power over the mental development of his pupils. His literary labour is still untiring, and he takes as much part in the teaching of his college as is possible in his position; yet it is not as student or teacher that Oxford knows him now, but as a man of affairs and a great figure in the society of the University.

But his success has been that of the causes and the institution which he has served with devotion; and the thing that marks him most to-day is that neither success nor age itself has lessened the energy of his service, or his readiness to welcome what is best in things new.

His temper and power can never have been exactly those of the scholar and the thinker. His services to scholarship and thought have been those of the practical man with the instinct to see things that want doing, and the assiduity to get them done. His translation of Plato is not a good crib, it does not show a great scholar's love of the difficulties and intricacies of the Greek; it is a great achievement all the same; it has not only brought one of the greatest writers within the reach of all Englishmen, but has induced many of them to read him. And if the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford is not the chief Greek scholar there, he has done more than many greater scholars to encourage Greek studies, and more than any living man to make them serve the ends of a valuable culture. So, too, his famous introductions to Plato's Dialogues are not great works in philosophy. Professor Jowett, knowing that metaphysics cannot do all that young students expect, scarcely realises the value that metaphysical thought has for many minds; he is out of sympathy with those who have the strongest bent for philosophy, and they would find that he did little to interpret what seemed to them Plato's central thoughts. But at the numberless points where Plato touches practical questions and reflects upon the life of his time, he meets him with his own shrewd interest in the kindred questions of other days, and thereby has done a great deal to domesticate a great philosopher among English readers.

Though several steps remain to be taken before Oxford does the utmost that it can for the higher education of the nation, it has yet made very great progress, and is no longer the home of the limited culture of a select class. It is well known that Professor Jowett has borne his share in bringing about the change. A less conspicuous change than the opening of the doors of the University to more men and to more studies has been the shaping of that school for which most of the pick of Oxford read, and which more than any other part of the University teaching influences the thought of the place. Though the votaries of specialised research have some complaints against the school of "Litterae Humaniores"—a peculiar combination of philosophic teaching, the study of some great periods of history, and the reading of noble literature—ordinary men who have passed through it express a consciousness of what it has added to their thoughts and their power which few others feel for the discipline by which it has been sought to give them culture. It has needed some practical genius for education to make it what it is, and a good deal of that genius has been supplied by Professor Jowett. His name is connected with one movement not confined to Oxford; he was one of the so-called "Broad Church School." They made as a school no positive addition to thought, and some of them built themselves half-way houses which have not outlasted their lives. But they were men who had shaken themselves free of the fear of facts, and who cheerfully recognised the right of others to their own belief and worship. And so their example has effected something better than a doctrinal development. It is significant of a great change that theological colleges of two dissenting bodies have been established in Oxford, and have been generally welcomed there. If one man more than all others has helped that change forward, it is Professor Jowett.

He is the head of a great college. Balliol keeps its place as the most efficient college, and the recent great improvement in other colleges is in large measure due to its lead. For it has raised the standard of work, and it has set an example of a bold liberality, and of forwardness to supply new needs and to welcome new sources of strength. Professor Jowett was not the first maker of Balliol, nor is he its greatest teacher, but it owes its present position to his wise rule. A recent illustration of his policy was his bringing from Harrow Mr. John Farmer, with his zeal for making good music popular, and popular music good. His work, through the Master's loyal support, has resulted in this great benefit to the mass of the college, that they have learnt to care for good music. Balliol men who remember the amused astonishment which the beginning of this excited in Oxford, will see here one example of the Master's daring good sense.

It is chiefly as a man of forcible personality that the Master of Balliol has become well known. We cannot attempt any portraiture of him, but would wish to mark one or two traits. His kindliness, inward geniality, and keen understanding of the men around him are obstructed by a strange shyness. He cannot make others at ease in his presence. Apt occasions draw from him sharp, decisive sayings, full, as an old pupil once said, of "that high form of humour which lies in the exact expression of the truth;" but he cannot talk. To most undergraduates he appears for some time as an incomprehensible being, of great power, somewhat capricious, probably benevolent. Yet occasional need of advice and accidents of their career may bring them into closer contact with him. Then probably they will feel that they have met with a man more than ordinarily wise, with a keen eye for men's defects, and all the same a keen eye for their merits and capacities, and the gift of just indulgence; not much swayed by what other people are saying, nor by his sentiments, though he is not wanting in sound and strong emotion; uniting great activity of mind with an absolute avoidance of exaggeration. He seldom misses an occasion for helping anyone, and two classes of men especially have found him their friend, poor men, and men destined to great opportunities or high station, who are often left more in need than their fellows of wise friends. Not all of those whom he has tried to guide are grateful for his influence. As he has pruned a good deal of rhetoric in undergraduates' essays, so he has poured cold water on a good many enthusiasms. Healthy enthusiasms may often be the better for it, but the Master has given some men a painful impression of coldness to the things that rouse them most. Some of them think he cares too much for the virtues that make for success. Now it is the honour of Oxford that men learn there a certain elevation of aim, but the place does not specially favour the growth of those minor qualities which men need if they would accomplish their aims. An old Oxford teacher has seen many failures, and does his duty when he tries to make them fewer. And some do not see Professor Jowett's own attitude towards generous causes; "I think," he once said, "a man ought always be a philanthropist, but never to be caught at it." Lastly, a word on his sermons. They show a sense of the worthlessness of speculative questions of theology: they are daringly practical, and deal often with the trivial and common things of life, insisting on what some men think they could all have thought of for themselves. Now and then they are chiefly interesting as suggesting his own minute diligence, which has never neglected any of the smaller parts of good conduct; but generally there breathes through them something which makes the hearers sensible of the elevation and nobility of the preacher's own thoughts. They are above everything the expression of a mind which values devoutly the spirit of love which to it is the whole of Christianity. Let us conclude with the words of one who says that he is little in sympathy with the Master and has no pleasure in his company: "Whenever an opportunity for kindness occurs, Jowett does the very kindest thing he could have thought of."

PENANCES FOR LENT.

THE ancient discipline of self-denial and asceticism is, it is to be feared, but little practised among the laity nowadays. One cannot, for instance, name a single shop in the Strand or Piccadilly where hair shirts and wire scourges are to be purchased. The

saintly abstinence from soap has ceased to be popular, and we do not make long pilgrimages on foot for a pious object. We cannot think that this is due to our want of piety as a nation, but rather to the fact that these penances are not hard enough for us. This is quite the right spirit. But why should not some of these old practices be revived? The Czar might, by way of atonement, set us a good example, and go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. If he takes the hint, we hope he will let us hear of it—*viâ* the Russian Ambassador, Lord Salisbury, Sir Philip Currie, and the Lord Mayor; it is not good for us to have too direct a communication with great personages. He need not go alone. Mr. Parnell might accompany him, and then go on to Jericho, and—for the sake of his country—stop there. All the German bands might make a pilgrimage to—well, to Germany. If the Germaine band of Northampton went with them it would probably not be numerically embarrassing.

Lord Hartington might set himself up as an ideal, and burn his own platitudes before it. The Unionist party as a whole might set their teeth hard, and determine to get over their habit of public dining—for forty days, at any rate. Mr. Smith will, of course, out of regard to the season, drop all those merry and sportive ways—innocent enough in themselves—and become a very serious politician. Mr. Balfour, mindful of the honours recently conferred on him by the Senate of Dublin University, might make himself small by honorary degrees and beautifully less, and in utter self-abasement lecture on "A Defence of Doubtful Philosophy" to the Royal Irish Constabulary. It is not only in the world of politics that much might be done. The leader-writers of our daily press could deny themselves the pleasure of certain phrases such as "It is a far cry from," etc., when they wish to make a connection where there is no connection, or "We have all heard of the schoolboy who," etc., for although the statement contained in it is generally true, it does not follow that we want to hear the story over again. Then the authors who write bitter prefaces about their reviewers, should show a decent penitence and place wreaths of flowers on the graves of those whom they have slain by their sarcasm—there must be crowds of them in Brompton cemetery. The reviewers may just go on reading the average fiction of the average author; it should be sufficient without any further penance.

Of course, these are merely hints. Everybody should select some penance appropriate to himself. To some, no doubt, the pleasures of the table will offer scope for self-denial. The cabby, hailed by two men at once, will naturally select the plainer fare. The ardent fox-hunter will give up his meet, and the popular actor will restrict himself to one *rôle*. But there are other penances which will be found to punish more severely. Country-walks, most conversation, cheap cigars—all are admirably adapted to keep the spirit low. An English translation of the "Critique of Pure Reason" will produce depression in ordinary men, even in obstinate cases of hilarity. The use of the mechanical piano as a spiritual discipline is equally effective. In fact, there are so many forms of penance possible, that the difficulty of selection may lead you to reject all. But you will have read this article.

THE DRAMA.

THREE melodramas have been reproduced in London during the past week—*Monte Cristo* at the Avenue, *The Lyons Mail* at the Lyceum, and *The Lights o' London* at the Olympic—and they are all three amusing. They may even, if we will only be at the pains to bring a little historical criticism to bear upon them, be made instructive; for they show how the great theatrical movement of our own time, the passage from romanticism to realism, has affected one important dramatic species—affected it, as I think, for the worse. That two of them, *Monte Cristo* and *The Lyons Mail*, are typical products of the French Romantic epoch, and are to be judged by the laws of the romantic game, seems an obvious remark; but it is the obvious which is always overlooked, and more critics than one, applying to romance the realistic test, have overlooked it this week. Hence much inopportune gibing, especially over *Monte Cristo*, which has been most unfairly treated simply because it has not been properly envisaged.

Upon the out-and-out opponents of melodrama in general, argument would be thrown away. They have no case. Melodrama is always and is everywhere; yet they cannot see it. Æschylus was a melodramatist. Shakespeare was a melodramatist. What is the plot of the *Choephori*? Broadly stated, it is this: a son avenges his father's death upon his mother and his stepfather. But that is the plot of *Hamlet*. In still more general terms, Æschylus' story is that of a man, believed to be dead, who reappears as a justiciary and an avenger. But that is the story of *The Silver King*.

It is also the story of *Monte Cristo*. The difference between the Greek play and the French is the difference between tragedy and romance. The one purifies by pity and terror, the other gratifies the love of the marvellous, the monstrous, the mysterious, the picturesque. Æschylus is, of course, the greater literary artist; one respects him (and promptly sells one's Bohn crib in Booksellers' Row, on leaving school); but one loves Dumas. Æschylus has slain his thousands; Dumas his tens of thousands—and by no means with the jawbone of an ass. What a jawbone it was. The problem of perpetual motion solved at last! All the personages in *Monte Cristo* revel in talk, the dear, delightful, high-falutin' talk of the Romantic epoch. The play stands aside while Caderousse talks over his bottle, while Dantès talks over the nature of justice, in a style deliciously inappropriate to a common sailor, with the garrulous De Villefort, while the Abbé Faria talks over the concealed treasure of the Cardinal Spada. Nobody, to be sure, ever talked so in actual life. But the critics who have pointed this out have been ludicrously wide of the mark. Natural talk in a romantic play would be the vilest incongruity; they know this at the Avenue, and do not bate us one jot of Dumas' prolix dialogue, or a single naïve "thee" or "thou." Their vagaries of orthoëpy give the thing an additional touch of romance. Dantès is sometimes Dantess, at others Dante. Mercedes is everything by turns, and always wrong.

"Am I Apēcides, or Apē-cīdes?"

asked the Greek in the burlesque, bewildered about his quantities. Mercedes is now Mercēdēs, now Mercĕdēs, now Mercĕdĕs. All this is as it should be—fine confused romanticism. Then the endless series of strange adventures, assignations, disguises! Nobody understands them. Why Monte Cristo should give a wayside inn-keeper a diamond instead of a little ready money; why he should meet his son (whom he doesn't know) in the inn and hand him half a visiting card; why Noirtier should tell De Villefort to meet him at this inn "a month from to-day"; why Noirtier should disguise himself as a Jew pedlar and as the editor of a "society" paper; who on earth Noirtier really is; who the Count de Morcerf is, and why each of the guests at his ball is masquerading as somebody else—all these things are unfathomable mysteries.

But the judicious playgoer has no wish to fathom them. He takes them all as the orthodox elements of romantic melodrama, and believes in them as the people in Tacitus believed in the romantic crimes of their day, just because they passed the bounds of verisimilitude, *quamvis fabulosa et immania videbantur*. The very absurdities of the scenic arrangements at the Avenue heighten the romance. When Dantès escapes from his sack and swims to a rock

amid the dashing spray of a few tumblers of water, Mr. Charles Warner's portly form quite dwarfs the Château d'If, just as M. Perrichon dwarfed the Alps in the famous picture—a very big Perrichon and a very small Mont Blanc. The critics, still misapplying their realistic standard, have jested at this. As if romance could bow to the ordinary laws of perspective! This melodrama, I repeat, is vastly diverting: all the more diverting because the performers, as they should do, take the whole thing with perfect seriousness. Mr. Charles Warner is especially good as Monte Cristo, uttering the most extravagantly absurd speeches with an air of the deepest conviction; and I do not believe that the "creator" of the part at the Théâtre Historique, the famous Lacressonnière, can have done any better.

Lacressonnière, by the way, also "created" the dual part of Lesurques-Dubosc in *The Lyons Mail*, which Mr. Irving has revived at the Lyceum. No one with an ounce of romance in his composition should miss this really fine performance. People are for ever disputing about Mr. Irving's precise position as a tragic actor, but his primacy in romantic melodrama is not to be questioned. Yet here again some critics have been led astray by failing to distinguish between realism and romance. Mr. Irving, they say, makes his villainous Dubosc so entirely different a personage from his virtuous Lesurques that no one could possibly mistake—and it is upon such a mistake, of course, that the whole play turns—one man for the other. (I note that M. Vitu made precisely the same remark twenty years ago with respect to Lacressonnière.) Common-sense criticism of this kind is the merest irrelevance in romantic melodrama. Such a play as *The Lyons Mail* exists in order that the actor may display his virtuosity, his power of passing rapidly from one extremity of the histrionic gamut to the other. We are expected to gape at the skill with which the same man transforms himself from the saintly Lesurques into the fiendish Dubosc, and the greater the transformation, the greater the gape. The playgoer who cannot surrender his common-sense, and consent to turn orange-peel and water into wine by "making believe very much," had better avoid romantic melodrama.

He will be more at home at the Olympic, with *The Lights o' London*, where he can pay to enjoy a realistic reproduction of a police station, the Regent's Canal, the Borough Market, and many other things which he can see outside the theatre for nothing. With Mr. G. R. Sims melodrama has "swopped" romance for realism, and a very poor exchange it is. But, fortunately, there is something of the old romantic leaven left, and the leaven saves the play. The humours of Mr. Sims's showman, Jarvis, are romantic humours, taken straight out of Dickens—Dickens in his fantastic Christmas story vein. "'Appy Dickens!" wrote Thackeray, in one of his letters to Aytoun. "But I love Pickwick and Crummles too much to abuse this great man. *Aliquando bonus.*" I love Showman Jarvis and Mrs. Jarvis too much to abuse the great Mr. Sims. He also is *aliquando bonus*—good now and then, and particularly good when, as is the case with the Jarvises, he deviates into romance.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

MOVED by PROFESSOR DICEY'S contemptuous reference to butchers and bakers, someone was at the pains the other day, with regrettable excess of zeal, to investigate the exact parentage and profession of the Irish members, in order to repel the insinuation that they were not "gentlemen." It was found that there was only one butcher, and he gloried in the more aristocratic additional title of cattle-dealer. The misguided person—and he is a representative of too large a class—who thought that the term butcher was still a reproach in these liberal-minded days, ought to have been present in the PARNELL Commission Court when MR. CONDON, the member in question, was asked by the President as to his occupation. "A buttcher and cattle-dayler, me lord," was the reply, and his tone could not have been prouder had he called himself "Duke of Connaught." No, the Irish members *are* butchers or bakers, or little higher in the social scale, many of them; and few of them can boast of "that grand old name of gentleman," worn so gracefully by MR. PARNELL and—PROFESSOR DICEY.

MANY people must have read "The Essence of Parliament" in *Punch* to see what TOBY had to say of the debate on the Religious Disabilities Bill. Curiously enough there was not a word on the subject. That particular Wednesday was a *dies non* to the observant TOBY, though it had no small interest for his fellow Members of Parliament. It is also a little strange that another writer in *Punch* should apparently suppose that Mr. GLADSTONE wrote the article in the *Quarterly Review* on "Vaticanism," instead of two pamphlets, one bearing that title, and the other called "The Vatican Decrees."

THE "Letters of S. G. O." contain some quaint passages about Ireland. For instance: "Our common-sense must surely teach us that police put in action by a home Government of Nationalist complexion is, if conceivable at all, likely to have but one end—*i.e.*, open rebellion; the betrayed would rise against the betrayers. The faculty of misdescribing the assumption of irrational power as common-sense was not confined to "S. G. O." But open rebellion of the Nationalist population against the Nationalist Government is a vivacious idea which has somehow been overlooked in Unionist speeches.

THE first Japanese Parliament has got to work, and seems anxious to adopt as many democratic customs as possible, probably including *le shut-up*, as a distinguished Italian correspondent of ours calls the Closure. One member protested against the English usage of crying "Hear, hear." This exclamation seems to have been adopted in the Japanese Parliament, and the patriotic protestant evidently preferred some ejaculation in his native language. It would be a kindly act on the part of LORD SALISBURY to send a Commission to instruct the new Parliament in some other English habits. LORD CRANBORNE, COLONEL SAUNDERSON, and MR. WILLIAM JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg, might give lessons respectively in statesmanship, playfulness, and dignified solemnity.

No member of the new Italian Cabinet has had a more stirring or picturesque career than GIOVANNI NICOTERA, the Minister of the Interior. A Southerner by birth, he was exiled to Piedmont while quite a youth, in the days when every young Italian who proclaimed himself a patriot had his name entered on the official black-book. To be a patriot in those, the darkest days of modern Italy, was almost necessarily to be a conspirator. In '58 NICOTERA (a stout Mazzinian of course) was condemned to death for his share in Piscane's expedition of Sapri. He escaped the scaffold, but was sentenced to imprisonment for life. GARIBALDI freed him, and he donned the Red Shirt then, and joined the "army of liberation" in that strange romantic campaign which overthrew BOMBA and made VICTOR EMMANUEL king of all Italy. NICOTERA is much more Monarchist than Republican in these days; a bold and somewhat fiery orator, and not a little imperious in manner. He is a handsome bearded man, with a profile which is slightly reminiscent of BOULANGER'S.

"THE natural impatience of the poor"—we thank the *Anti-Jacobin* for teaching us that phrase.

The natural impatience of the poor leads to Jacobinism and prompts (among other atrocities) the rebellion of the railway company's servant against an eighteen-hours' day. But there seems, too, to be some impatience on the other side—on the side which (for instance) rebels against Free Trade and condemns the Abolitionist triumph in America on the strength of two or three letters contributed to the *Times* by that paper's special correspondent. And now the party of the everlasting "anti-" is impatient with Free Libraries. MR. M. D. O'BRIEN in "A Plea for Liberty" objects to Free Libraries. They circulate too much fiction, he says. Now, in the first place, the man must surely possess an amazing amount of self-confidence who undertakes to tell the public how many novels it ought to read out of every hundred books. Or, to put it mildly, it must be a wonderful creature who can reconcile such dictation with *laissez faire* principles.

IT is undoubtedly true that the percentage of novel read in these libraries is very high. It fluctuates between 48 and 88 per cent. But who in the world is MR. M. D. O'BRIEN that he should remain ignorant that nine-tenths of the population of these islands read novels in preference to any other form of literature? If this be a sin and a shame, let us have arguments to prove the inferiority of prose fiction to other forms of literature. A man who shall sit down and attack the novel is greatly wanted nowadays: but so bold a man cannot be found. Meanwhile, the superior person who scolds a whole population for doing what he thinks wrong, but has not the pluck to attempt to prove wrong, is but a foolish exhibition. Even MRS. PARTINGTON had the courage of her mop.

BUT on this subject a few words from MR. SMALLEY'S "London Letters" are worth quotation—

> "There is still (he says) in this country a considerable class of persons who are opposed to educating the masses. They prefer their masters should be ignorant. They tell you that if facilities for culture are given, they are not improved; neither the facilities nor the masses. There are clergymen who think this attitude of opposition a useful one, and the Reverend Dan Greatorex, who dates from St. Paul's Vicarage, Dock Street, London Docks, is one of them. He has been making a collection of statistics; that also is an occupation in which this clerical mind finds pleasure."

MR. GREATOREX anticipated MR. M. D. O'BRIEN in discovering that the great majority of books issued from Free Libraries were works of fiction:—

> "Mr. Greatorex, to whom the reading of fiction appears to be an abomination, divides all literature into two classes; or perhaps three: fiction and books of instruction are his two chief heads; the third being magazines. But though there are three, the antithesis is maintained, and fiction is clearly not, to his mind, instructive. Or, to put it a little differently, all books are books of instruction except novels. Even sermons seem to be classed as instructive."

But the curious thing is that nobody will stand up against the novel and risk dialectic.

STYLE is a matter of temperament, no doubt; and MR. WILLIAM MORRIS came near to admitting, the other day, that when he called the Oxford dons a set of sordid blackguards, he allowed bad temper to confuse his sense of the connotation of words. It is unfortunate that MR. MORRIS, who has written good verse enough to be credited with some respect for his mother tongue, should be for ever flinging about specimens of coarse and ill-fitting English. In the *Times* of last Wednesday he tells us that we have allowed the lovely interior of Westminster Abbey "to be cluttered up with a huge mass of the ugliest and vilest undertaker's masonry that can anywhere be seen," and that we keep it "in a state of sordid dirt" (MR. MORRIS is fond of the word "sordid," it would seem), "which is disgraceful both to the Government and the Chapter." All this because MR. MORRIS, as Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, disapproves of the proposal for connecting with the Abbey church a new building designed to hold the monuments of distinguished men. It is quite possible that this disapproval is just. But we would ask MR. MORRIS if intemperate language of this kind strikes him as likely to conciliate public opinion.

BUT let us allow for the moment that MR. MORRIS'S manners are incurable, and that in order to protect ancient buildings he may deface the Queen's English to any extent he pleases. Still, we may submit, professing ourselves accessible to argument, that the hold which Westminster Abbey keeps upon the whole English-speaking race is due, in the first degree, to those monuments which MR. MORRIS abuses. We grant the beauty of the Abbey church; we grant that the monuments with which it is "cluttered" are ludicrously out of place, if we make the Abbey's beauty our first consideration. But it has come to be believed that the memory of famous men is of higher importance. Rightly or wrongly, the Abbey holds our affections mainly because it holds the dust of great Englishmen. If this be wrong—if it be absurd to rate the Abbey's associations above the Abbey itself—at any rate a nation cannot be vituperated out of its mistake. Let MR. MORRIS reason with it instead.

IF the father of all such as write leaders and reviews be JOHN DRYDEN, then the father of those who produce personal intelligence is HORACE WALPOLE—a fact which is apparent in the work of his principal spiritual descendant, N. P. WILLIS. It was this literary light-weight who acclimatised personal gossip in America. Everybody knows his "Pencillings by the Way," and the famous description of DISRAELI at LADY BLESSINGTON'S; but it has been left to MRS. E. M. HUTCHINSON to turn over for the present generation the leaves of his weekly paper, the *Corsair*, which began in 1839, and had a short but brilliant career. Among much gossip that MRS. HUTCHINSON extracts regarding English people—the Queen, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, PALMERSTON, DICKENS, and others—there is, perhaps, nothing more interesting than the announcement that MR. W. M. THACKERAY had been engaged as Paris correspondent of the *Corsair*. His contributions, consisting of letters from Paris, London, Pekin, St. Petersburg, etc., are now known to all the world as "The Paris Sketch-Book."

"THE Concrete Unknowable" is the latest new phrase; and of all modern novelists, MRS. W. D. FISH roundly declares, regardless of the bull, that MR. GEORGE MEREDITH has attained to the greatest knowledge of this mystery. As far as we can make out, "The Concrete Unknowable" exists in each sex: women are the concrete unknowable for men, and men for women; no man can ever truly realise what it is to be a woman, and *vice versâ*. "The mystery of sex" has hitherto been the accepted phrase; but there is no reason why it should not be improved upon, and to some ears "The Concrete Unknowable" will doubtless recommend itself; but will it stand the wear and tear of use, like "The Great Unwashed," "The Upper Lapsed Masses," or "The Submerged Tenth"?

WHO that is possessed of a hundred books—good, bad, or indifferent—has not at least one TAUCHNITZ reprint among them? And who ever returned from a first visit to the Continent without half a dozen of the neat white books in his pockets and portmanteaus. There are no books pleasanter to read or to handle: ROSSETTI preferred the TAUCHNITZ edition of his poems to any of the English ones. We have nothing exactly like these books in England. The only series at all approaching them in this country

in charm and convenience is CASSELL'S "National Library"—the threepenny edition, not the sixpenny one, which is ugly. The uniqueness of the TAUCHNITZ books is so generally recognised that there is a regular demand for the series in second-hand shops in all the cities of Britain, and the price is invariably sixpence. But the trade in TAUCHNITZES is threatened, if not doomed. MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., in a letter to the *Publisher's Circular*, point out, what everybody knows, that these works are published with copyright for Continental circulation only, adding, what has not been generally understood—or rather, what has been generally ignored—hitherto, that second-hand booksellers in buying and selling these books are rendering themselves liable to penalties under the Copyright Act. As long as travellers are permitted to bring a certain number of these contraband books into England as personal property, it will be very difficult to stop the second-hand trade in them.

FOLK-LORE within recent years has much enlarged the scope of ethnology and archæology. Everything relating to these subjects is studied with far greater interest and to much greater profit than was the case when they were cultivated in a languid, half-believing, half-sceptical spirit of romance rather than of reason. MR. C. G. LELAND approaches "the old faith," as the Italians call witchcraft, in the modern scientific spirit, believing that there is nothing whatever in the past relating to the influences which have swayed man, however strange, eccentric, superstitious, or even repulsive they may seem, which is not of great and constantly increasing value. His new book, "Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune-telling" (UNWIN), contains a collection of the customs, usages, and ceremonies current among gypsies as regards fortune-telling, witch-doctoring, love-philtering, and other sorcery, taken either from books as yet very little known to the English reader, or from personal experiences. The book is copiously illustrated by the author.

"IF there had been no BOSWELL, but only a BOWDLER, it is likely that by this time there would be no JOHNSON." Into that epigrammatic sentence MR. WALTER LEWIN has compressed the sense of his paper on "Bowdlerised Biography" in the current *Forum*. The fault of MR. FROUDE'S life of CARLYLE was not, as his enemies say, that it was too full, but that it was not full enough. The spots on the sun are characteristic, and must be given. The man who parted with his shadow became its slave and victim. Dr. Jekyll divided the good from the evil in his nature, and, as a consequence, succumbed to the evil. HAWTHORNE'S Aylmer tried to give perfection to his bride, and learned too late that a necessary part of her perfection was the very birth-mark which he had deemed a flaw. MR. LEWIN advises biographers to remember that if only "the whole" be stated truly, any man whose life is worth writing will endure the test.

A BOOK written in English by Danes, printed in Copenhagen, and published in London, is something of a curiosity. "Denmark" (HEINEMANN), edited by H. WEITEMEYER, is such a book. It is dedicated to the PRINCESS OF WALES, and is intended to give the English people a picture of the Danes drawn by themselves.

To the "Historic Towns" series has been added "New York" (LONGMANS), by MR. THEODORE ROUSWELL, author of "The Winning of the West." Other contributions to historical literature are, the fourth volume of the "History of Canada" (TRÜBNER), by DR. WILLIAM KINGSFORD, and "The Drama of Empire" (KEGAN PAUL), by MR. W. MARSHAM ADAMS, author of "Zenobia: a Tragedy."

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. have added another to their large and increasing collection of American novels. It is in one volume, written by MR. ALBION W. TOURGÉE, and entitled "Murvale Eastman: Christian Socialist." Other one volume novels of the week are "A Royal Physician" (UNWIN), by VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON, and "Too Apt a Pupil" (BLACKWOOD), by ROBERT CLELAND, the brother of the Professor of Anatomy in Glasgow University. In two volumes we have "Prince of the Glades" (METHUEN), by HANNAH LYNCH; and in three, "A Bolt from the Blue" (SAMPSON LOW), by SCOTT GRAHAM, and "Janet" (HURST & BLACKETT), by MRS. OLIPHANT.

SOME of our "literary agents" ought to send their price-list to PROFESSOR MASSON of Edinburgh. He speaks in his new edition of De Quincey of £200 as the noblest income made by those who write for the literary journals. That price-list will undeceive him. He will learn from it what many writers of repute charge for one article, or two hours' work (for authors, like cabmen, can be engaged by the piece or by the hour), and that high-class journalism has become a lucrative calling. There are many persons who would like to see that price-list, and so we had better add here that they need not write for it unless they are editors. It is private and confidential, and even the authors whose price is given in it are not allowed to look. Doubtless they would like to know what their fellow-writers charge per thousand words.

MISS KATE GREENAWAY, for the first time in her life, has consented to an exhibition. The walls of the Fine Art Society's rooms are hung with her dainty studies. With all her grace, MISS GREENAWAY is a caricaturist; her works illustrations of a nursery *Punch*. Her *technique* is that of the old "tinted drawings." Her quaint and delicious outlines are drawn with crow-quill and then washed over with a colour. They are before all things decorative. Her object is rarely to produce a picture, but rather to ornament a page. In this she resembles the Japanese artists; but it is curious to compare her trim little figures, always drawn in their natural relation to the ground-line, with the figures of the Oriental decorators, drawn upside down, or at any angle, the only object being to embellish the sheet on which they appear. Sometimes MISS GREENAWAY goes farther, and gives us drawings ambitious in composition, and taxing the full strength of her colour-box. But in these again she is essentially decorative. The subjects are nearly always processionally treated—the drawings look like designs for friezes for a doll's house. Refinement of outline and extreme simplicity are MISS GREENAWAY'S great charms. Her work is absolutely original, and, in its way, quite unapproached. She is Sergeant-Painter to King Baby; and, like other Court officials, wears the dress of a more monarchical era.

IN his deeply interesting and instructive letter in Wednesday's *Times* upon Hindu reaction against Western innovations, SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD says, or is made to say, that mighty changes in India are predicted for 1895, when the sun shall be in Aquarius and Jupiter in Aries. It is curious that Jupiter will not be in Aries at all during the year in question. Is 1895 a misprint for 1893, or has some mistake been committed in according the Hindoo chronology with the European?

MR. RIDER HAGGARD'S many friends in this country will learn with deep regret the heavy bereavement which has befallen him in the death of his only son. MR. HAGGARD and his wife are now on their way to Mexico, where the novelist has gone in search of material for another story, and it is sad to think that they will learn at a great distance from England of the heavy loss that has fallen upon them.

THE OUTLOOK IN ITALY.

ROME, February 4th, 1891.

I REMEMBER reading in Mr. Gladstone's financial statement for 1860 the following words: "It will be requisite that the Custom House officers be in a position to give immediate effect to this Resolution (as to the levying of a duty of 6s. per cwt. on chicory), and I therefore hand the Resolution to you, Mr. Massey, at once, before proceeding. . . ." What was the exact nature of this document that Mr. Gladstone handed to Mr. Massey? The general belief in Italy has been that it was an order by which Mr. Gladstone, on his own authority as Minister, empowered the Custom House officers to enforce the payment of this duty from the moment of its being proposed, subject to reimbursement to such as should have paid, in the event of the House refusing to pass the measure. This arrangement has been adopted by us, subject to some slight alteration. Whenever the Finance Minister proposes a new tax or an increase of some existing one, he submits a measure to which we apply the term *Catenaccio* (literally, padlock), a designation used, I believe, in Belgium, and by which he does not ask that the imposition or the increase of duty should be voted and ratified, but only that the Custom House officers should be authorised from that moment to enforce its payment, subject to *no* reimbursement, should Parliament decide in the course of two or three months to ratify that imposition or increase, to those from whom it might have been exacted. As our mode of procedure does not permit of a measure's being carried through in less than a week, and as those who deal in the goods upon which the duty is to be imposed would thus have time to "do" the State out of many millions, we permit the Finance Minister to anticipate the passing of the *Catenaccio* Bill, and himself to issue the order which he asks the Chamber to ratify; for hitherto there has never been any opposition raised against the *Catenaccio*, which has always been run through quickly. I have explained all this so carefully only that you may be in a position to understand what happened here on the 31st January; and also indeed in the hope that some reader of THE SPEAKER may inform me whether we have rightly interpreted the English procedure, a fact as to which I have some doubt.

I told you in my last letter that Signor Grimaldi had proposed several taxes in his financial statement of January 30th. I did not specify them, but I must now mention one or two. He proposed that the tax upon the fabrication and importation of alcohol should be brought up from 120 francs to 160 francs; two years ago it stood at 180 francs. He proposed also increases in the taxes on alcoholic products, on heavy oils of various qualities, and on oleaginous grain. The sooner to have this increased taxation enforced, he brought forward the *Catenaccio;* and, without waiting for it to be passed, gave orders to the Custom House officers to exact payment. The measure was handed over for consideration to the Budget Committee, which reported on it on the 29th. It accepted the measure, subject to this alteration that the provisional enforcement of the increased taxation, which prejudiced in no way the decision of the Chamber, should last only till the 31st of March, and not, as the Minister asked, till the 31st of May. The discussion commenced on the 30th of January. Signor Luzalsi, a man of great talent, and Chairman of the Committee, had expressly declared in his report that whilst favourable to the ratifying of this *Catenaccio* Bill, the Committee had not examined into, and desired at this stage to express no opinion on, the actual question as to whether the imposition and increase of taxes should be agreed to. The discussion, which began on the 30th, did not run as smoothly as usual. Many objections were raised, the principal one being that the electors had been promised that taxes should neither be imposed nor increased in order to make up the deficit, and that now taxes were the first thing to be proposed: this was to forget somewhat too quickly. Towards the end of the sitting, a member—whose name I won't mention, for it was myself—opposed the measure in a somewhat spirited speech, in the course of which he reminded Signor Crispi, amongst other things, of what he used to reproach the Minghetti Ministry with in 1876. He used to reproach it with making what he called a merely numerical Budget and not an economical Budget. "Now you yourself," continued the speaker, "have produced that merely numerical Budget in making your economical one."

These words, pronounced in tones of biting irony, annoyed Signor Crispi greatly, as was but natural. At the close of the sitting of the 31st he rose to answer the speaker who had given utterance to them. He had desired, I think, to attack him exclusively, but not having complete command over himself, his tongue ran away with him. He was carried on into saying that he could easily prove that the country was in a much worse condition in 1876 than at present were he not restrained by respect for the grave; that at that time the policy of the Government was servile to other countries. . . . Upon this cries rang forth from every quarter, and an indescribable tumult arose in the Chamber. I have seen none more remarkable since it first met in Rome. The speaker directly attacked asked to be heard, and on withdrawing in accordance with the request of his friends, remarked amidst loud applause that it was superfluous to reply to such a Minister. The Marquis de Rudini, the leader of that portion of the Right which had drawn near to the Ministry, became greatly excited, and, gesticulating wildly, abused and scolded Signor Crispi until eventually carried off by his friends. Signor Finali, Minister of Public Works, who had been a member of the Government of 1876, rose from the Ministerial bench and went out amidst loud cheers; and when another member stood up to declare that it was not to the law he objected, but to hearing his friends insulted, the applause seemed as though it would never come to an end. Signor Crispi, standing up, his face pale, asked to be heard. Silence was maintained for a few minutes, and he began to excuse himself: he had not wished, he said, to be offensive to Signor Minghetti and his friends; he had, he reminded them, pronounced a panegyric upon that statesman—a duty which he had undertaken with pleasure—at the invitation of the very speaker who had been attacking him. He was not allowed to proceed further. Members were determined to vote against him and at once; and as the Speaker did not bring the sitting to a close as he might have done, an order of the day favourable to the Ministry was put to the vote. A hundred and eighty-six voted *against*, and a hundred and twenty-three *for*. The Ministry was thus in a minority of sixty-three. Signor Crispi asked the Chamber to adjourn, and left to submit his report to the King and give in his resignation; and Signor Grimaldi announced that he was about to telegraph to the Custom House authorities not to enforce the increased taxes.

It was a striking scene, this fall of Signor Crispi, the man whose power seemed so secure and so likely to last. But if the actual fall was a sudden one, the causes had been growing. Had it not been for his unlucky remark, the *Catenaccio* Bill would have been voted on the 31st by a very small majority; but in another fortnight he would have been overthrown by a vote on one of the other Bills which he had proposed, or else by a vote of want of confidence. His Government was on its last legs.

We have entered upon a policy which it is difficult to abandon and impossible to maintain. But we are in a contented frame of mind, and must only have confidence in what we call *lo stellone d'Italia.*

BONGHI.

BESIDE THE BEE-HIVES.

ON the outskirts of the village of Gantick stand two small, semi-detached cottages, coloured with the same pale yellow wash, their front gardens descending to the high-road in parallel lines, their back gardens (which are somewhat longer) climbing to a little wood of secular elms, traditionally asserted to be the remnant of a mighty forest. The party hedge is heightened by a thick screen of white-thorn on which the buds were just showing pink when I took up my lodging in the left-hand cottage (the 10th of May by my diary); and at the end of it are two small summer-houses, set back to back, their dilapidated sides and roofs bound together by clematis.

The night of my arrival, my landlady asked me to make the least possible noise in unpacking my portmanteau, because there was trouble next door, and the partitions were thin. Our neighbour's wife was down with inflammation, she explained—inflammation of the lungs, as I learnt by a question or two. It was a bad case. She was a wisht, ailing soul to begin with. Also the owls in the wood above had been hooting loudly, for nights past: and yesterday a hedge-sparrow lit on the sill of the sick-room window,—two sure tokens of approaching death. The sick woman was being nursed by her elder sister, who had lived in the house for two years, and practically taken charge of it. "Better the man had married *she*," my landlady added, somewhat unfeelingly.

I saw the man in his garden early next morning: a tall fellow, hardly yet on the wrong side of thirty, dressed in loose-fitting tweed coat and corduroys. A row of bee-hives stood along his side of the party wall, and he had taken the farthest one, which was empty, off its stand, and was rubbing it on the inside with a handful of elder-flower buds, by way of preparation for a new swarm. Even from my bed-room window I remarked, as he turned his head occasionally, that he was singularly handsome. His movements were those of a lazy man in a hurry, though there seemed no reason for hurry in his task. But when it was done, and the hive replaced, his behaviour began to be so eccentric that I paused in the midst of my shaving, to watch.

He passed slowly down the line of bee-hives, halting beside each in turn, and bending his head down close to the orifice with the exact action of a man whispering a secret into another's ear. I believe he kept this attitude for a couple of minutes beside each hive—there were eight, besides the empty one. At the end of the row he lifted his head, straightened his shoulders, and cast a glance up at my window, where I kept well out of sight. A minute after, he entered his house by the back door, and did not reappear.

At breakfast I asked my landlady if our neighbour were wrong in his head at all. She looked astonished, and answered, "No: he was a do-nothing fellow—unless you counted it hard work to drive a carrier's van thrice a week into Tregarrick, and home the same night. But he kept very steady, and had a name for good nature."

Next day the man was in his garden at the same hour, and repeated the performance. Throughout the following night I was kept awake by a series of monotonous groans that reached me through the partition, and the murmur of voices speaking at intervals. It was horrible to lie within a few inches of the sick woman's head, to listen to her agony and be unable to help, unable even to see. Towards six in the morning, in bright daylight, I dropped off to sleep at last.

Two hours later the sound of voices came in at the open window and awoke me. I looked out into my neighbour's garden. He was standing, half-way up the path, in the sunshine, and engaged in a suppressed but furious altercation with a thin woman, somewhat above middle height. Both wore thick green veils over their faces and thick gloves on their hands. The woman carried a rusty tea-tray.

The man stood against her, motioning her back towards the house. I caught a sentence—"It'll be the death of her;" and the woman glanced back over her shoulder towards the window of the sick-room. She seemed about to reply, but shrugged her shoulders instead, and went back into the house, carrying her tray. The man turned on his heel, walked hurriedly up the garden, and scrambled over its hedge into the wood. His veil and thick gloves were explained a couple of hours later, when I looked into the garden again and saw him hiving a swarm of bees that he had captured, the first of the season.

That same afternoon, about four o'clock, I observed that every window in the next house stood wide open. My landlady was out in the garden, "picking in" her week's washing from the thorn hedge where it had been suspended to dry; and I called her attention to this new freak of our neighbours.

"Ah, then, the poor soul must be nigh to her end," said she. "That's done to give her an easy death."

The woman died at half-past seven. And next morning her husband hung a scrap of black crape to each of the bee-hives.

She was buried on Sunday afternoon. From behind the drawn blinds of my sitting-room window I saw the funeral leave the house and move down the front garden to the high-road—the heads of the mourners, each with a white handkerchief pressed to its nose, appearing above the wall like the top of a procession in some Assyrian sculpture. The husband wore a ridiculously tall hat, and a hat-band with long tails. The whole affair had the appearance of an hysterical outrage on the afternoon sunshine. At the foot of the garden they struck up a "burying tune," and passed down the road, shouting it with all their lungs.

I caught up a book and rushed out into the back garden for fresh air. Even out of doors it was insufferably hot, and soon I flung myself down on the bench within the summer-house and set myself to read. A plank behind me had started, and after a while the edge of it began to gall my shoulders as I leant back. I tried once or twice to push it into its place, without success, and then, in a moment of irritation, gave it a tug. It came away in my hand, and something rolled out on the bench before me, and broke in two.

I picked it up. It was a lump of dough, rudely moulded to the shape of a woman, with a rusty brass-headed nail stuck through the breast. Around the body was tied a lock of fine light-brown hair—a woman's, by its length.

After a careful examination, I untied the lock of hair, put the doll back in its place behind the plank, and returned to the house: for I had a question or two to put to my landlady.

"Was the dead woman at all like her elder sister?" I asked. "Was she black-haired, for instance?"

"No," answered my landlady; "she was shorter and much fairer. You might almost call her a light-haired woman."

I hoped she would pardon me for changing the subject abruptly and asking an apparently ridiculous question, but, would she call a man mad if she found him whispering secrets into a bee-hive?

My landlady promptly replied that, on the contrary, she would think him extremely sensible; for that, unless bees were told of all that was happening in the household to which they belonged, they might consider themselves neglected, and leave the place in wrath. She asserted this to be a notorious fact.

"I have one more question," I said. "Suppose that you found in your garden a lock of hair—a lock such as this, for instance—what would you do with it?"

She looked at it, and caught her breath sharply.

"I'm no meddler," she said at last; "I should burn it."

"Why?"

"Because if 'twas left about, the birds might use it for their nests, and weave it in so tight that the owner couldn't rise on Judgment day."

So I burned the lock of hair in her presence; because I wanted its owner to rise on Judgment day and state a case which, after all, was no affair of mine.

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE RELATION OF ART TO IMMORALITY.

SIR,—I am quite incapable, even after your reviewer's last letter, of measuring his social distinction with the foot rule he suggests. Why should I, without specific information on the subject, assume that a gentleman of his dimensions does not habitually dine in a room capable of accommodating "one of Raphael's cartoons?" But your reviewer has not done me the honour of taking me quite seriously; the reason evidently being that I belong, forsooth, to that *bourgeoisie* which has only its dull, solid, unpicturesque virtues wherewithal to bless itself. Therefore, he executes a few of his clever literary flourishes and considers it answering a fool according to his folly. I can see him elevating his eyebrows as he mutters his *Que voulez vous?*

I have only in this brief rejoinder to submit the following points. First, your reviewer's conception of realism does not appear to be quite clear. I was under the impression that the photograph was not realistic enough; that the camera was a sort of one-eyed artistic reporter which left out of its account the spiritual element in its field of vision. But I do know that a work of art must be something more than realistic and well executed; to satisfy the very modern school it must also be unclean. Your reviewer has let us know that he considers the original form of Shelley's *Islam* the more artistic.

Secondly, your reviewer takes up the astonishing position that the degradation of man's body and soul is a part of the same cosmic æsthetic law which makes the decay of the leaf "a harmony in gold and scarlet." With him, barring our crude inherited ideas, a human being can no more be naked and ashamed than can an ash tree. There is no arguing against such a position. One may say that a charge of indecency is based upon a primary moral intuition; but it would be open to your reviewer to retort that though the exhibition might not give zest to his dinner, its decency or indecency was after all only a matter of taste.

Lastly, your reviewer with a louder note of triumph than I think the facts warrant, points to the superiority of the Paris *Salon* to our own Academy Exhibition; leaving us to infer, else there were no point in his remark, that the superiority of the French artist is due to the circumstance that they go foraging for their *motifs* in the *cloacal* of human nature. The *Salon* contains much besides; but this is the element which, in the estimation of your reviewer, gives to it its piquant artistic flavouring. Well, we have recently had an exhibition consisting of nothing but this flavouring, and it is satisfactory to know that the French and English people alike repudiated the obscene display. For M. Jules Claretie, the very eminent Parisian critic, claimed for his countrymen not only equal, but superior virtue to that of the English. The Parisians turned their back upon the Rabelaisian Gallery, saying nothing. They treated it with the neglect it merited. The English, on the contrary, denounced and prosecuted its promoters, and, adds M. Claretie, went in numbers to view the pictures. 'Twas a palpable hit, there is no denying it. But it is a matter of great regret to find principles advanced in the columns of THE SPEAKER which, if allowed, would amply justify the exhibition.—I am, yours truly,

WILLIAM PIERCE.

"EDINBURGH."

DEAR SIR,—In the review of "Royal Edinburgh," in your issue of Saturday last, the old name—"Castrum Puellarum"—of Edinburgh is referred to, and Buchanan's explanation of its use seems to be accepted by you.

However, another explanation of the origin of this name may be put forward. When, in the eleventh century, the Celtic kings of Scotland removed their residence from Dunfermline to Edinburgh, the name of the latter city, among the Saxons of the Lothians, was the same then as now. But as the first of the Celtic kings, along with their court and attendants, used the Celtic tongue, they modified the name Edinburgh by translating it into the Celtic or Gaelic—Dunedin, the dun or hill-fort of Edin. But whom did the term Edin represent to these Celts? Was it Edwin, the great Saxon king of Northumbria, or was it not rather Aidan, the great Culdee saint and apostle under whom the Culdee missionaries from Iona brought the Northumbrians to Christianity in the seventh century? If Aidan stood to the Celts in this light, they might put *m* before Aidanburgh, and make it Maidanburgh, just as they did in the name Kilmadan or Kilmodan, in Argyleshire, *i.e.*, "my Aidan's Church," or, as in St. Modan's Chapel, a part of the ruined Abbey of Dryburgh, which also means "my Aidan Chapel." Maidanburgh is practically to appearance and sound "Maiden's burgh," or in Latin, "Castrum Puellarum." It is a striking fact that there was another Dunedin, near Lauder, in Berwickshire, which is believed to have been a *broch*, and the great *broch* near Dunse, in the Lammermoors of Berwickshire, bears the name of Edin's hold, the Celtic equivalent of which is *Dunedin*. Might not these three *Dunedins* have all been *brochs*, erected by the Celtic missionaries brought from Iona? From the minute account given by Bede, in his Life of St. Cuthbert, of the one-storied *broch* built by that saint in Holy Island, or Lindisfarne, it is evident that a broch was a novelty to the Northumbrians of that age. Is Aidan's connection with the Dunedins not worthy of consideration?

A BORDER SCOT.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, February 13th, 1891.

IT is no doubt very difficult to help sneering at poets and authors whilst they are alive. They expose themselves in such a variety of ways. But when they are dead they make a pretty show.

This reflection is forced upon you if you visit the Exhibition strangely called "of the Royal House of Guelph" (as so many people are now wisely doing), for the chief interest of that exhibition is not derived from the Hanover stem or any of its branches, but from a large collection of portraits of those whom Thackeray was wont disrespectfully to describe as "littery gents."

In the south gallery alone there are upwards of fifty pictures of poets and playwrights and novelists. Your first glance round this room when you step into it affords a strange sensation. It is peopled with familiar faces, and in an instant becomes crowded with intimate delights. The world you do not know is outside in Regent's Street; in here you are at home. In a few moments your eye has rested on Pope, Sterne, Johnson, Goldsmith, Scott, Cowper, and Lamb—all marvels, it may be, but mysteries, none. They can never puzzle us or weary us or disappoint us. We know them as we shall never know our neighbours; for have we not read their lives, their letters, their books? The seven men we have named, if we throw in their lives and letters, muster one hundred and sixty-seven volumes between them. This gives one something to go upon. We are not left at the mercy of the painter. We peruse the lineaments, scrutinise the countenances of our favourite authors, as they have been depicted for us by contemporary artists, with eager eyes but easy minds. If we do not like the face, we condemn the painter. If he had read his sitter's books as we have, he would (so we say) have put more of them into his picture.

But for the most part the portraits are satisfactory. Goldsmith's ugly face seems to ask, "Can you love me?"—of all questions the easiest to answer when he asks it. No child would be tempted by Sterne's strange smile to pluck his gown to ask to be a partaker of what is obviously unholy mirth. I feel more certain of my company when alone with Sir Joshua's Johnson than I am ever able to be in the society of living moralists; whilst to gaze into the luminous depths of Sir Walter's eye in Raeburn's picture ought to be enough to turn an acrid quack into a warm-hearted human being. To move about among such pictures realises the young enthusiast's conceptions of what an afternoon-party or *salon* ought to be, but is not, never was, and never can be. Each new face, instead of freezing, feeds the flow of fancy, and dips afresh into the storehouse of pleasant memory.